POEMS

On several

CHOICE and VARIOUS

SUBJECTS:

Occasionally Composed

By An

Eminent Author.

Collected and Published

BY

Sergeant-Major *P. Fisher*

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO THE

RIGHT REVEREND,

And Innately Noble,

Dr. Henry King,

(Many years)

Lord Biſhop of *Chicheſter, &c.*

My Lord!

THere *are divers Motives* (*humbly under Favour*) *which have induced me to this Dedication.*

The first, That besides those severe and high-solid Studies which attend Theological Speculations, (wherein your Lordship is eminent even to admiration) 'tis evidently known, my Lord, that you have not onely a profound Judgement, but also a sublime Genius in Poetical Compositions. Now, my Lord, 'tis upon good Record, that Poets were the first Divines and Philosophers; and as a great Wit well observeth, Poetry is the cleerest Light to prove that Man hath an Intellectual Soul, and Ray of Divinity shining in him.

The second Motive was, my Lord, That I finde in the Works of this Excellent

cellent Author, *some signal Passages that discover the particular Obsequiousness and high Veneration not onely he hath (but many thousands more) of your Lordships dear Relations, and your own most* Unparallel'd Merits.

The third Motive was, my Lord, That I might lay hold on this happy opportunity of publickly confessing those Obligations I cannot now fairly Conceal, *nor yet fitly* Cancel; *that the World as well as your most honourable Lordship may be sensible of these Overtures of my devoted Gratitude; which till I can exemplifie in a Prolixer Present, I beseech your Lordship to accept this small Homage and contracted Tender*

of his humble Devoire, who is otherwise unlimited,

My Lord,

And in all ample Duty and Obedience,

Your LORDSHIPS

Most faithful Honourer,

AND

Sincerely devoted Servant,

P. F.

To the Reader.

NOt to know the Author of these Poems, were an Ignorance beyond *Barbarism*, as 'twas said of a famous person in *France*: yet I held it superfluous to prefix his Name in the Title-Page, he being known and easily distinguished from others by his Genius and Stile, as a great Wit said lately of him,

Author Hic ex Calamo *notus ut ungue* Leo.

He may be called the prodigie of his Age, for the variety of his Volumes: for from his Ἀνδρωνία, or *Parly of Trees*, to his Θηρωνία, or *Parly of Beasts*, (not inferiour to the other) there hath pass'd the Press above forty of his Works on various subjects; useful not onely to the present times, but to all posterity.

And 'tis observed, that in all his Writings there is something still *New*, either in the *Matter*, *Method* or *Fancy*, and in an untrodden Tract. Moreover, one may discover a

kinde of Vein of *Poesie* to run through the body of his *Prose*, in the Concinnity and succinctness thereof all along.

He teacheth a new way of Epistolizing; and that *Familiar Letters* may not onely consist of Words, and a bombast of Complements, but that they are capable of the highest Speculations and solidst kind of Knowledge.

He chalks out a Topical and exact way for *Forreign Travel*, not roving in general Precepts onely.

In all his Histories there are the true Rules, Laws and Language of History observed.

What infinite advantages may be got by his *Dictionaries* and *Nomenclature* by all Professions and Nations!

How strongly and indeed unanswerably doth he assert the *Royal Right* in divers learned Tracts, to the unbeguiling and conversion of many thousands abroad as well as at home! *&c.*

Touching these Poems, most of them were few publick Light before; for I got them in *Manuscripts*, whereof I thought fit to give the Readers an Advertisement.

P. Fisher.

De Ornatissimo,
Viróq; omnifariàm pererudito
Acris, & Ignei Ingenii,
Polyglotto ad Prodigium usq;
Dom. *JACOBO HOWELL Maridunensi*,
Tam ex Majorum *ceris*, quam sui Ipsius
Meritis Armigero, *&c.*

Sic Phœbi Delubra patent; sic tota Recessus
Pandit Cyrrha *suos, funditq; oracula prægnans*
Anglia, Cambriacæ *& Cortina remugiit aulæ.*
Nempe novum Æonidum Proles Montaccola *fontem*
Ostendit, sacrasq; aperit Tritonidis arces
Howelli *Generosa Domus, Celeberrima Gentis*
Hoeliæ, *Patriiq; decus memorabile fundi.*
Tolle Coronatas Stirps Maridunia *cristas,*
Howellumq; *Tuum ventura in sæcula jactes*
Indigenis peperisse plagis, quâ monstrat Avitos
Insignis Fortuna lares, seriesq; vetusta
Sanguinis à longo volventis flumina Rivo;
Ad Cujus *gavisi olim* Cristalla *sedere*
Grandævi Druides, *patulisq; studere sub umbris*
Ornorum Bardi, *& nemorum se condere lustris.*
Unde patet, nec vana fides, genus esse Jacobi
De serie Druidum, *suffusaq; pectora dudum*
Enthea primævis spirasse oracula cunis.

Ergo

Ergo Credulitas Majorum vana faceſſat,
Nec ſibi Primores cunctas vetus arroget ævum;
Creta Panompbæum quid progenuiſſe Tonantem
Inficiet? aut veteres ſic altercantur, Homerus
Quâ fuerat de ſede ſatus? Quid culta ſuperbit
Scaligero Verona ſuo? Quid Mantua fœlix
Virgilio præcone tumet? En Cambria *nobis*
Mantua, deq; ſuis Vates educitur oris
Mæonio nil Vate minor, Cunabula cujus
Circum, tot Charitum croceis Examina turmis
Melliſluos fecere favos, ea gratia Scriptis
Aurea, libratoq; ſedet ſub carmine nervus,
Et gravitas fictæ non affectata loquelæ.
Scilicet à Teneris docti veſtigia Secli
Uſq; ſequi Tibi *cura fuit; veterumq; labores*
Volvere limatos, avidiſq; Heliconida labris
Exhauſtis Vacuare cadis. (a) Harlæus *honoris*
Primitias inſignis habet, Qui Numine dextro
Tam Tibi, quam celebri Fratri *primordia jecit*
Urbs Quem (b) *Briſtoliæ dudum dignata Tiarâ eſt*
Præſulis, *& ſacram vel adhuc reminiſcitur umbram.*
O fœlix Howelle *nimiis noviſſe Magiſtrum*
Harlæum *cujus Gens* Herefordia *ſtirpem*
Jactet, & ingentem tollat per ſæcula famam!
Illius *auſpiciis ſolidis, epheba Juventus*
Pieriis afflata modis, quum nobile Flacci
Ante oculos ſaltabat Epos; & Plectra Lucani
Pharſalico concinna chely. Tum mite Terenti
Ingenium, & ſtricto ſervorum ſcommata ſoccо,
Plautinoſq; ſales potâſti impubibus annis
Helluo Græcorum Latticum. Mox Sydere verſo
Ipſe novum moliris iter, quâ Dulce Lycæum

(a) Eruditiſſimus Dom. Harley Scholæ Hereford. Archidiaſcalus. (b) Frater noſtri Jacobi qui Epiſcop. Briſtolienſis moriebatur.

Oxoniæ

Oxoniæ plenos reseras [illegible].
Heic Jesu sacrata Domus Te amplectitur ulnis
Admissum geminis, & diæ pocula Lucis
Castalio cum lacte dabat. Sub sensibus haustos
Tum logicos primum gryphos, artesq; loquendi
Digeris, & solide formâ methodoq; locatis,
Venturæ Vigil instauras fundamina Famæ.
Inde Sophistæo magis inspirata Susurro
Mens Tua, Te Socium nullo opponente creavit
Collegi veneranda Cohors. Nec sistitur ingens
Impetus, humanæ qui supra nubila vitæ
Gestit, & aprico fœlix feriatur olympo.
Ergo Philosophiæ sublimia culmina scandens
Occultas reseras sedes, ubi Scrinia mundi
Naturæq; Arcana habitant: ubi cernitur omnis
Quid Divina velit, vel suaserit Ethnica Virtus.
Quicquid Socratico manavit ab ordine; quicquid
Clara Cleantheæ præscripsit Turba Lucernæ;
Quicquid Erythræis Cynicorum Secta studebat
Gymnasiis; quicquid dixit, tacuitq; loquendo
Pythagoras Howelle Tuum est, Qui abstrusa latebris
Eruis ingenio, Rerumq; oracula pandens,
Concipis immensos dilato pectore mundos.
Nec Tua Fama Domi, Patriisve morabitur antris,
Vecta per extremum nonis Juvenilibus orbem,
Et Regum consueta Aulis, interq; potentes
Europæ Dominos porrectas sumere laurus.
Te Juvenem cognovit Iber; Te celsa Philippi
Regia Catholici Madriti vidit Agentem
Principis Adventu Caroli, stupuitq; loquentem,
Tractantemq; diu alterni Molimina Sceptri.
Inde Revertentem Borealis Syderis Atlas
Ille Comes Præses Te Sunderlandius imis
Secretis admisit amans, & Tanta Scientem,

Callem-

Callentemq; foras, propriis præfecit habenis.
Nec Patrio requiescis agro, sed cærula sulcans
Cymbrica, *ad ingentem* Danorum *flebiliis Aulam*
Mitteris Orator *Reginæ busta* Sophiæ
Exequiasq; dolens, Tua circum Rostra Licestro
Legato, *& Danûm Procerum stipante Corona.*
Quæ Regio in terris nostro non nota Jacobo?
Quem pede diffusi penetrantem viscera Regni
Teutonides *videre sui; Quem* Gallia *dudum*
Cum Batavo, *&* Veneti, *&* Siculi; *& stupuere* Pelasgi;
Romaq; *tot linguas uno sub corde prementem*
Mirati, Poterantq; levi discrimine, cuncti
Indigenam dixisse suum. *Tunc Patria dignum*
Te Palmis censebat ovans, quum ad Tecta Senatus
Prisca ciebat amans, & ter *successibus æquis*
Ad sua delegit Te Parlamenta *Sedentem.*
Nec Patriæ cessabat amor, sed honoribus urgens
Continuis, credebat adhuc se parva dedisse
Ni meritis majora daret: sic nobilis audis
Clericus *Augusti* Caroli *qua jungeris imis*
Consiliis Tu Scriba *cluens, Regniq; labores*
Multiplices, Aulæq; vices Atlantis ad instar
Collibras, Patrioq; humeros Supponis Olympo.
Hæc pro Te dudum dignissima, Patria fecit,
Pro Patriâ nec parva facis, facilive rependis
Officio, quæ fecit amor: Communia Testor
Commoda, & attritis operosa volumina prælis
Non uno numeranda Die. Te muta movente
Organa, (c) Vocales *fudere oracula* Sylvæ,
Et Trunci didicere loqui, Dodonea Quercus,
Frondiferi Regina chori Tibi Brachia pandens
Tollit ad astra comas, foliisq; Superbior exit
A foliis *famosa tuis, Quibus, Illa fatetur*
Se Tibi debendam, contextaq; Serta *dicandam*

(c) Dendrologia.

Civica,

ivica, Romuleis nil inferior à Triumphis.
Utq; doces Sylvas, & tardo ſtipite Truncos
Humanos ſimulare ſonos, ſic (d) Bruta Ferarum
Guttura conformans, noſtræ Vernacula linguæ
Diſtinctaſq; doces haurire, & reddere voces.
Exemplum dabit illud opus ſublime, Priori
Vix diſpar, ubi gliſcit amor, Pietaſq; Parenti
Sceptrifero; *& Fidei Mortales* Publica *ductim*
De Brutis Documenta *bibant, trepidentq; Rebelles*
Excandeſcentem *Britonum irritare* Leonem.
Nec ceſſat Tua mira manus, celerive remiſſas
Indulges calamo ferias, quia vana peroſus
Otia, victuris lætare laboribus, unam
Vix perdens ſine luce diem, Teſtabitur orbi
Grandius Illud Opus (e) *Bis Bino Idiomate coctum*
Utile Principibus, Populoq; Orientis & Euri
Orbis, & à toto diviſis orbe Britannis.
Heic veluti ſpeculo Criticiſmata cuncta loquelæ
Cantabricæ diſcernit Iber; Syrene Jacobo
Auſonios modulante ſonos, de finibus exit
Italus allectus propriis; Galluſq; Garumnam
Atq; Ararim rapido referens ſermone, Britanglos
Advolat, alternæ miſcens commercia linguæ.
(f) *Hiſce voluminibus* Nomenclatura *ſtupendi*
Subjunctum eſt Opus ingenii (g) *Proverbia Gentis*
A tenebris memoranda trahens, formaſq; loquendi
Priſcorum Britonum, *Quorum venerabile ſemen*
Cambria *ſervat adhuc, primoſq; à ſedibus actos*
Commemorabit avos: Tua Cambria *clare* Jacobe
Cui *Superum Ductu Tu poſt tot ſecla renaſcens*

(d) Therologia. (e) Opus aliud elucubratiſſimam, cui titulus Lexicon Tetraglotton. (f) Aliud volumen non minoris molis quam emolumenti. (g) Aliud volumen, Pentaglotton Proverbiorum.

Adde-

Auderis Exemplar, dum sic virtutibus amplis
Instaurat Patriam, & virtutes dotibus æquat.
Egregiè nasci latum est: sed gloria major
Pro Patriâ nasci, & primus Chronista *creari*
Regis ab Historiis. *Et quis dubitaverit amens*
Te Titulis mixtum ire Tuis, Onerive; lacertos
Impariles, qui tanta manu Monumenta levasti,
Pressaq; vix binis portanda Volumina Rhedis.
Lector avet majora? Domi quod scripseris olim
Contempletur opus, plorandaq; damna (h) Senatus
Prælongi *nuntiet, cunctasq; ab origine causas*
Pendeat, & nostri recolet Commenta Jacobi.
Si ulteriora petit? Peregrè *succinctus ad oras*
Longinquas eat, & Te (i) *Directore, viarum*
Præscius, Europæ varias adremiget urbes,
Conductinsq; Tuo formet vestigia Filo.

Hoc Filo conductus, aquis scopulisq; sedentem
Europæ Dominam (k) *Venetum mirabitur urbem:*
Celsaq; Parthenopis (l) *Regalia culmina cernet*
In Chartis Majora Tuis. Tunc versus ad oras
Austriacas veterum Imperium venerabitur ingens
(m) *Teutonidum, & senio certantia vasta Vienna*
Mœnia Pannonico toties ditata Tributo.
Inde pedem fessum relegens, per Regna feretur
Gallica, & Hoelios agnoscet ritè labores
Liligeræ Septem tractantes lustra Tiaræ,
Translatiq; Polo (n) Ludovici *Busta, Suiq;*
Armandi *parvo non designata papyro.*

Sed quid ego gracili calamo, vel carmine enim
Hoelianas *vanus comprehendere chartas*

(h) Sobriæ ejus inspectiones in actiones longi Parliamenti. (i) Directiones peregrè proficiscentibus. (k) Historia ejus Voluminosa. Venetum. (l) Par etiam Neopolitanorum. (m) Aliud etiam volumen de Imperio Germano. (n) Aliud exquisitum volumen de vita Ludovici Galliæ xiii.

Molier,

Molior, Herculeos quum tot recitare labores
Herculeus labor alter erit? Testabitur Anglis
Urbs vetus Heroum (o) *Trinobantia gloria Civûm*
Ingenio ditata Tuo. Testabitur orbi
Cultius Illud opus quo splendit (p) *Epistola crebra*
Flexanimo concinna stylo, quo Fœdera belli
Et passim Momenta Togæ, Faciesq; nitenti
Cernitur Europæ Speculo, & velamine dempto
Obvia Summorum pateant Penetralia Regum.
Tantis Posteritas cumulabit honoribus, olim
Vulgatos Howelle *libros. Tantumq;* labori
Debebit Gens nostra Novo, *strips aurea Cujus,*
Formaq; Primævas *nil postponenda* Sorores
Apella Charites, afflataq; cælitus Æstro
Pectora, fatidicum fibris Spirantia Phœbum.
A Jove Principium sumens nam Pagina prima
Sæva Sapit, gratoq; fluunt condita lepore
Cætera Mellifluos *redolentia carmina* Flores
Laurigeroq; novas Tibi contextura corollas.
Inde per humanæ raptus spectacula scænæ
Quam parvas habitura moras Mortalia monstras,
Indignoque licet depressus Carcere, Mentis
Remigio super astra volas, Supremaq; versans,
Discis ab immenso quam discrepat angulus Orbe,
Et circumfusi quam curta Scientia Mundi
Æterno *collata* Deo. *Tumet inde Papyrus*
Laudibus Heroum, & Carolum *Te Vate salutat,*
Auguriog; pio jamdudum rite potitis
Induperatoris *summos promittit honores*
Quum procul Austriacæ volucres, succumbere Gallo

(o) Aliud nobile volumen cui titulus Londinopolis. (p) Aliud opus usus omnifarii, cui titulus Epistolæ Hoellianæ. (q) Innuit Poemata ejus in lucem jamjam proditura.

Gaudebunt,

Gaudebunt, Gallusq; Anglo parere Leoni.
Hic etiam Octavi nitidum sine bile Character
Pingitur Henrici, *Quod latius Acta loquetur*
Et Genium, quam VVindsorii *monumenta superbi*
Majorum constructa manu. (r) Sacvillia *Pubes*
Dorsigenis *praelustris honos, caput eruet umbris*
Auspiciis Howelle *Tuis. His* (s) Marchio *grandis*
Pierpontiadum Durotrigumq; *cacumen*
Tollitur, & Celsa Katharinæ *stemmata dudum*
Tremoliâ *deducta Domu. Proh celse columna*
Henrice *armorum, & sublimibus Artibus: ingens*
Pro Secli Coryphæe *Tui! Quos Fulguris instar*
Antevolas, patrioq; creas Miracula Mundo.
Hunc *Chartis* Howelle *sonas,* Cui *gloria vastis*
Digna voluminibus, gravidoq; canenda Cothurno;
Illi dumq; litas laudes, aliisq; sub isto
Codice, diffuso spargis Tua nomina mundo
Lataq; non propriis claudi Praeconia Chartis.

(r) Nobilissimus ille nuper Edoardus Dorcestriæ comes.
(s) Illustrissimus Henricus Marchio Durotrigum; Comes de Kingston, &c. & Katharinæ filiæ comitis de Derby.

Sic raptim cecinit

P. PISCATOR.

POEMS

Upon several

Emergent Occasions.

The Progress of the Human Soul:

OR,

The whole History of Man.

MAn is that great *Amphibium*, which enrouls
Within himself a *Trinity* of Souls:
He runs through all *Creations* by degrees;
First, he is onely *Matter* on the Lees;
Whence he proceeds to be a *Vegetal*;
Next *Sensitive*; (and so Organical.)
Then, by *Divine Infusion*, a third *Soul*,
The *Rational* doth the *two first* controul:

But *when this Soul* comes in, and *where* she dwells,
Distinct from th' other, no Dissector tells.
Now, which no *Creture* els can say, *that state*
Makes her (by *Grace*) to be *Regenerate*.
She then becomes a *Spirit*: so at last
A *Devil*, or a *Saint*, when *She* hath cast
That clog of *Flesh*, which yet she *takes again*,
To perfect her *Felicity* or *Pain*.
Thus *Man* from first to last, is *kin* to all
Cretures, in *Heav'n*, in *Earth*, and *Hells* Black Hall.

A Speculation.

THat which the *smallest Star* in Sky
Is to the *Sun* in Majesty;
What a *Monks Cell* is to *High-noon*,
Or a *New-cheese* to a *Full-moon*:
No more is *Man*, if one should dare
Unto an *Angel* him compare.

What to the *Eagle* is a *Gnat*,
Or to *Leviathan* a *Sprat*;
What to the *Elephant* a *Mouse*,
Or *Shepherds Hut* to *Cæsars House*:
No more is *Man*, if one should dare
Unto an *Angel* him compare.

What to a *Perl* a *Pebble*-ſtone,
Or *Coblers Stall* unto a *Throne*;
What to the *Oke* the baſeſt *Shrub*,
Or to *Noah*'s *Ark* a *Bucking-Tub*:
No more is *Man*, if one ſhould dare
Unto an *Angel* him compare.

Then let not Man, *Half-child of night*,
Compare with any *Heavenly* Wight:
He will appeer on that account
A *Mole-hill* to *Olympus* Mount.
Yet, let *This* ſtill his comfort be,
He hath a *Capabilitie*
To be of *Heav'n* himſelf: but on this ſcore,
If he doth not make *Earth* his *Heav'n* before.

Of ſome Pious *Meditations*, *when* Priſoner *for the King in the* Fleet.

AS *Roſes* 'mong ſharp *Prickles* grow,
As *Cryſtal*'s got of *Ice* and *Snow*;
As *Perls* in *muddy* Muſcels breed,
As *Gold* on *barren'ſt* earth doth feed;
As *Diamonds* in *Craggs* and *Rocks*,
As *Ambar* cruds 'twixt *Neptune*'s *ſhocks*: (blew,
So 'mong thoſe bleak *Fleet*-blaſts which Fortune
Theſe *calm* mild ſtrains of *Meditations* grew.

A Contemplation upon the ſhortneſs and ſhallowneſs of Human *Knowledg.*

IF of the ſmalleſt *Star* in Sky
We know not the Dimenſity:
If thoſe *pure ſparks* that Stars compoſe,
The higheſt Human Wit do poſe;
How then, poor ſhallow *Man!* canſt thou
The *Maker* of theſe *Glories* know?

If we know not the *Air* we draw,
Nor what keeps *Winds* and *Waves* in aw:
If our ſmall Sculls cannot contain
The *flux*, and *ſaltneſs* of the Main;
If ſcarce a *Cauſe* we ken *below*,
How can we the *Supernal* know?

If it be a myſterious thing,
Why *Steel* ſhold to the *Loadſtone* cling:
If we know not why *Jett* ſhould draw,
And with ſuch Kiſſes hug a *Straw*:
If none can truly yet reveal
How Sympathetick Powders heal:
If we ſcarce know the *Earth* we tred,
Or half the *Simples* there are bred,

With

With *Minerals*, and thousand things
Which for Mans health and food she brings:
If *Nature*'s so obscure, then how
Can we the *God of Nature* know?

What the *Batts Ey* is to the *Sun*,
Or of a *Glowworm* to the *Moon*;
The same is *Human Intellect*,
If on our *Maker* we reflect;
Whose Magnitude is so immense,
That it transcends both Soul and Sense.

Poor Purblind-Man, then fit thee still;
Let *Wonderment* thy Temples fill.
Keep a due distance: do not pry
Too neer, lest like the silly Fly,
While she the Wanton with the *Flame* doth play,
First fries her wings, then *fools* her life away.

A Prophetic *Poem* (*partly* accomplished) *to his present Majesty then* Prince, 1640.

A Parallel 'twixt his Highness and the *Black* Prince.

SIR,

Wales had *one* glorious Prince, for hair and hue
(Which *colour* sticks unto him still) like *You*.
He travell'd far; he won his Spurs in *France*;
And took the King, the *King*, O mighty chance!

Then his victorious Troops afresh he gethers;
And with the *Gray-Goose wing* his shafts new fethers.
He bears a march up the *Pyreney* Hills,
And the *Cantabrian* Clime with terror fills,
To re-inthrone *Don Pedro Castills* King;
Of which Heroick Act all Stories ring.

Your *Royal Sire* travell'd so far, and thay
Of all our Princes onely made that way.
Who knows, great Sir, but by just Destiny,
Your *Bunch* of youthful *Plumes* may further fly:
But, Faucon-like, you may with full summ'd wing
The *Eagle* cuff, and from his Talons wring
The (*a*) *Prey*, or in exchange seize on his *Ore*,
And fix your Standard on the *Indian* Shore. (got:
'Twas by a (*b*) *Charles*, *France* once the Empire
'Twas by a (*c*) *Charles*, *Spain* also drew *that* lot:
Why may not *Britain* challenge the next Call,
And by a *Charles* be made *Imperial*?

a *Palatinat.* b *Carolus Magnus.* c *Carolus Quintus.*

Sic Vaticinatur

J. H.

A Rapture upon Delia.

COuld I but catch those Golden *Rays*
Which *Phœbus* at High Noon displays,

I'd ſet them on a Loom, and frame
A *Scarf* for *Delia* of the ſame.

Could I that wondrous *Black* come near,
Which *Cynthia*, when ſhe mourns, doth wear;
Of a new faſhion I wold trace
A *Mask* thereof for *Delia*'s face.

Could I but reach that *Green* and *Blue*,
Which *Iris* decks in ſuch rare hue
From her moiſt *Bow*, I'd drag them down
To make my *Delia* a *Summer-Gown*.

Could I thoſe *Whitely Stars* come nigh
Which makes the *Milky-way* in Sky,
I'd *Poach* them, and at *Moon-ſhine* dreſs,
To make my *Delia* a *Hougon Meſs*.

Thus would I *diet*, thus *attire*
My *Delia* Queen of Hearts and Fire:
She ſhold have ev'ry thing *Divine*,
What might befit a *Seraphine*.

And 'cauſe *ungirt unbleſt* we often find,
One of the leſſer *Zones* her Waſte ſhold bind.

Of the tru Obſervation of Lent.

NOw *Lent* is come, let us refrain
From *Carnal* Cretures quick or ſlain;
Let's curb, and macerat the *Fleſh*;
Impound, and keep it in *diſtreſs*
For forty days, and then we ſhall
Have a *Replevin* from the thrall
By that bleſs'd Prince, who for this Faſt
Will give us *Angels* food at laſt.
But to abſtain from *Beef*, *Hog*, *Gooſe*,
And let our Appetites go looſe
To *Lobſters*, *Crabs*, *Prawns*, or ſuch Fiſh,
We do not *Faſt*, but Feaſt in this.
Not to let down *Lamb*, *Kid*, or *Veal*;
Hen, *Plover*, *Turkicock* or *Teal*,
And eat *Botargo*, *Caviar*,
Anchoves, *Oiſters*, and like fare:
Or to forbear from *Fleſh*, *Fowl*, *Fiſh*,
And eat *Potatoes* in a Diſh
Done o'er with *Ambar*, or a Meſs
Of *Ringos* in a *Spaniſh* Dreſs:
Or to refrain from each *hot* thing
Which *Water*, *Earth*, or *Air*, doth bring;
And play a hundred pounds at *Gleek*;
Or be at *Saunt* when we ſhold ſleep;

Or

Or to leave *play* with all high Dishes,
And *feed* our thoughts with *Wanton Wishes*;
Making the *Soul*, like a Light Wench,
Wear *Patches* of Concupiscence.
This is not to keep *Lent* aright,
But play the Juggling Hypocrit.
He keeps *Lent* more, who tames the *inward* Man,
Then he, who makes the *outward* feed on *Bran*.

Before the History of Lewis *the* 13. *(with his Cardinal* Richlieu*) called* Lustra Ludovici.

HISTORIÆ SACRUM.

IMmortal Queen, great *Arbitress of Time*,
Bright *Torch* and *Herald* of All-conquering *Truth*,
Which *Things*, years thousands since, keepst still in prime,
And so maintain'st the World in constant *Youth*;
Making *that Morn* Man first was made of Clay,
Appear to us as fresh as *Yesterday*.

Rich *Magazin of Patterns*, which may serve
As Spurs to *Vertu*, or as Curbs to *Vice*;
Which dost *Brave Men embalm*, and them conserve
Longer then can *Arabian* Gums or Spice?
And of their *Memories* dost *Mummy* make,
More firm then that hot *Lybia*'s Sands do take.

Rare

Rare Garden, and rich Orchard, wherein grow
Fames golden Apples, *Vertues* choiceſt flow'rs;
Who twiſteſt Garlands for the learned Brow,
And with thy Branches mak'ſt triumphant Bow'rs:
Inocnlat this *Bud* on thy great *Tree*,
That it may *bourgeon* to Eternity.

Before

LONDINOPOLIS:

OR,

A new Hiſtory of *London:*

Parallel'd with the greateſt Cities on Earth.

Of London-*Bridge.*

WHen *Neptun* from his Billows *London* ſpyde,
Brought proudly thither by a High ſpring-Tyde,
As through a *Floating Wood*, he ſteer'd along,
And *Dancing Caſtles* cluſter'd in a throng:
When he beheld a mighty *Bridge* give Law
Unto his Surges, and their fury aw:
When ſuch a ſhelf of Cataracts did roar,
As if the *Thames* with *Nile* had chang'd her ſhoar:
When he ſuch maſſy Walls, ſuch Tow'rs did eye,
Such Poſts, ſuch Irons upon his back to lye;

When

When ſuch vaſt *Arches* he obſerv'd, that might
Nineteen *Rialto*'s make for depth and height:
When the Cærulean God theſe things ſurvay'd,
He ſhook his *Trident*, and aſtoniſh'd, ſaid,
Let the whole *Earth* now all her *Wonders* count,
This *Bridge* of Wonders is the Paramount.

The ſame in Latine, which for their weight I alſo inſert.

De Ponte Londinenſi, ejuſq; ſtupendo ſitu, & ſtructurâ.

Cum Londinenſem *Neptunus viderat urbem*
Vectus ibi propriis, *atq; revectus Aquis*,
Dum denſam penetrat Sylvam, Lucóſq; *ferentes*
Pro ramis funes, *pro* foliiſq; Cruces:
Cum ſuperimpoſitum Torrenti in Flumine Pontem
Viderat, & rapido ponere Jura Freto:
Cum tantos muros, ferrumina, Caſtra, tot Arcus
Spectat, & hæc tergo cuncta jacere ſuo,
Arcus *qui poſſent totidem formare* Rialtos
Metiri ſi quis ſumma, vel Ima cupit,
Hæc Deus Undarum *aſpiciens, Fluxuſq; retrorſum*
Tundere, & horrendos inde hoare ſonos,
Nunc mihi quanta velis Terræ *Miracula pandas,*
Eſt primus Mundi Pons, ait, Iſte *ſtupor.*

J. H.

Before

Before Bishop Andrews *most holy Meditations and Prayers.*

IF ever any merited to be
The *Universal Bishop*, this was He.
Great *Andrews*, who the whole vast SEA did drain
Of Learning, and *Distill'd* it in his Brain.
These pious *Drops* are of the purest kind
That trickled from the *Limbeck* of his *Mind.*

Before that large and elaborat Work, *called*,
The German Diet;
Which, *in many Princely* Orations, *displays*
The Power and Weakness,
The Plenty and VVant,
The Antiquity and Modernness,
The Advantages and Defects,
The Glory and Reproche,
The Vertues and Vices,
of all the Countries of Christendome.

Axioma

AXIOMA.

Contraria juxta ſe poſita magis eluceſcunt.

Black ſidelong put, or ſtanding oppoſite,
Doth uſe to add more luſtre unto *White*.
A Perl ſhines brighter in a *Negro*'s Ear:
Some Ladies look more fair who *Patches* wear:
So *Vice*, if counterplac'd, or ſeated near,
Makes *Vertu* ſhow more lovely, ſtrong, and clear.
This *Book* hath Vice and Vertu, White and Black:
'Tis like a Cryſtal-Glaſs *foyld* on the back:
'Tis like a *Cheſsboard*, (or an Ermins Skin)
Checker'd with two Extreams, both out and in.
It weighs and winnows *good* from *bad*, which any
Of *Europes* Kingdoms have, (and they have many.)
Now, if thoſe purer *Regions* of the Sky,
Where ev'ry *Star*'s a perfect *Monarchy*;
If the bright *Moon*, and glorious *Sun* above
Have *Spots* and *Motes*, as Optick Glaſſes prove;
How then can theſe *groſs* earthly *Regions* be,
And *We* that people them, from taintures free?
This were for *us* to arrogat that Bliſs
Which *Adam* could not keep in *Paradis*.

Before my Lord of Cherberry's *Hiſtory of King* Hen. 8.

VIces in Kings are like thoſe ſpots the Moon
Bears in her body, which ſo plain appeer
To all the world: ſo *Vertues* ſhine more clear
In them, and glitter like the *Sun* at Noon.
This King had *both*; yet counter-balance all,
You'l find th' out-poiſing Grain in *Vertues* Scale.

He was more *King* then *Man*: his *Gallantries*
Surpaſs'd his *Frailties*; Had his *Paſſions* bent
To *Him* as *France* did, and his *Parlement*;
Or had his *Set* been equal to his Riſe:
Of all thoſe glorious Kings wore *Englands* crown,
He had march'd with the foremoſt in Renown.

This learned *Lord*, this *Lord* of VVit and Art,
This *Metaphyſick Lord* gives us a Glaſs,
VVherein we may diſcern in ev'ry part
This boyſtrous Prince, He cuts *Him* out in Braſs,
In everlaſting Braſs: ſo that I may avow,
Old Harry never had a *Monument* till now.

An

An Analytical Character or Diſſection of Hen. 8.

THis great King may be conſidered,

1. In his Perſon, and outward Proportion.
2. In his Properties, and inward Diſpoſition.
3. In his Political Capacity, and Actions Civil and Martial.

Touching the firſt, he was of a goodly Stature, of a Majeſtic awing Preſence, of a clear ſanguin Complexion; which made him apt to give and take *Tentations* of that Sex which was too hard for the *Firſt*, the *Strongeſt* and *Wiſeſt Man*. He had a competency of ſpirit to manne that large Bulk throughout: for he was vigorous and robuſt, witneſs his overthrowing Sir *William Kingſtone* horſe and man in the preſence of three Queens. His Dexterity at Tilt, the Barriers, and all other heroick Exerciſes at his interviews with the French King, and Emperors: for when he appeered in any Action, He out-went all others.

Touching the ſecond, it ſub-divides it ſelf into his *Vertues* and *Vices*. For his Vertues, by advantage of Education, (being deſigned for the Church)

he was well vers'd in the Arts, a good Latiniſt and Divine. He had an harmonious ſoul, for he was a good Muſitian, having among other things compoſed two Anthems, which were uſually ſung in his Chappels. Touching his Vices, being of a replete ſanguin Conſtitution, he had more matter for the heat of Concupiſcence to work upon. Nor were his two Contemporaries, *Charles* the Emperour, and *Francis* of *France*, leſs peccant in this kind: for they alſo had their *Amourettes*, their *Indebita vaſa*, and divers natural Children. Having parted with Queen *Katharin* his firſt wife, and with his Cardinal, his *Sanguin* Humour came to be ſomewhat *ſanguinary*, and inclining to *cruel*; yet he had the *Church*, the *Parlement*, and the *Judges* for what he did. He was too conſtant to himſelf when any thing entred into his head; which the world termed *Wilfulneſs*. He was more prodigal in *ſpending*, then covetous in *getting* money, by making himſelf an *Actor* in ſome things, which had been more for his advantage had he been onely a *Spectator*.

Touching the third, he was very knowing in the *Art of Government*, being cut out as it were for a King: for he kept all in an exact Obedience: and had his *Paſſions* been as ſubject to him as were his *People*, he had been the *rareſt* of Kings. He alſo may be rank'd among

among the best *Law-makers*. He got divers glorious *Titles*, which his Progenitors never had: for he was the first *Defender of the Faith*, and promis'd to be stil'd *Christianissimus*. He was the first English *King* of *Ireland*. He was the first *Uniter* of the ancient *Britains* and the *English*. He was call'd by the Consistory of *Rome*, *Liberator Orbis*, when the Pope was freed. *Francis* the first acknowledged him, under God, to be the chiefest *Deliverer* of him and his Children from *Spain*. He was stil'd *Protector* of the famous *Clementine League*; and offered to be *Patron* of the *Lutherans*. Nor did he know what it was to be *beaten* all his Life. He had an Emperour to serve him in the Wars, and he was counted the common *Umpire* of *Christendome*. In fine, *England* may be said to have had little or no Commerce abroad in point of *Matters of State*, till the Reign of this *King*.

OF

TRANSLATIONS,

Upon rendring into Engliſh a choice Venetian Romance, called,

EROMENA,

By Mr. James Howard.

SOme hold *Tranſlations* not unlike to be
The wrong-ſide of a Turky Tapiſtry,
Or Wines drawn off the Lees, which fill'd in flask,
Looſe ſomewhat of the taſte they had in Cask.
Tis tru, each Language hath an *Idiome*,
Which in *another* couch'd comes not ſo *home*.
Yet I nere ſaw a piece from *Venice* come
Had fewer *Thrums* ſet on our Country *Lome*.
This Wine is ſtill *one-ear'd*, and brisk, though put
Out of *Italian* Cask, in *Engliſh* Butt.

Another.

FAir *Eromena* in Italian tire
I view'd, and lik'd her faſhion wondrous well;
But in this *Engliſh* habit I admire
That ſtill in *Her* the ſame good *Grace* doth dwell.
So have I ſeen *Trans-Alpin Cions* grow,
And bear rare *fruit*, remov'd to *Thames* from *Po*.

The

The Dedication

To Great Britain, of that Voluminous Work,

Lexicon Tetraglotton:

OR,

An Engliſh - French - Italian - Spaniſh

DICTIONARY.

REnowned *Albion*, *Natures* choice delight,
Neptunes chief care, and *Arſenal* of might;
Who in thy *Watry Orb* doſt ſparkling lie,
As *Cynthia* ſhines in the Cærulean Skie:
Or, as a *Tortoiſe* in her Circling Shell,
Doſt live ſecure within thy *Rocky* Cell
A World within thy ſelf, fit to *defend*
Thine own, and *fit no further to extend.*
Yet with thy winged Courſers doſt give Law
Unto the Ocean, and his Surges aw.
The Baltick Waves, and Hyperborean,
The vaſt Atlantik, Euxin, Indian;
The Adriatik, Tyrrhen, Helleſpont,
The *White*, the *Black*, the *Red*, all Seas are wont
To do thee homage, and rich tributes bring
Unto thy *Thames* by way of *Offering*:

Which makes *Civilians* hold, That thy *Sea-bounds*
Reach to the *Shores* of all thy Neighbours round.
To Thee, Triumphant Isle, I do addreſs
This Work of *Oyl* and *Toyl*: be Patroneſs
Of thy own Tongue, which here twixt Columns (ſtrong,
Throughout a maſſy Fabrick all along
Goes in the *Van* of *Europes nobleſt Toungs*,
Though they want ſomewhat of her *Nerves* and *Lungs*.

Of the Original of the Engliſh Toung,
And her Aſſociation
With the Italian, Spaniſh, and French, &c.

FRance, *Italy* and *Spain*, ye *Siſters* Three,
Whoſe *Toungs* are branches of the *Latian* Tree;
To perfect your odd number be not ſhy
To take a *Fourth* to your Society
The high *Teutonik* Dialect, which bold
Hengiſtus with his *Saxons* brought of old
Among the *Britains*, when by *Knife* and Sword,
Of *England* he did firſt *create* the VVord.
Nor is 't a ſmall advantage to admit
So *Male* a Speech to mix with *You*, and knit:
Who by her *Conſonants* and tougher ſtrains,
VVill bring more Arteries 'twixt your ſoft Vains:

For

For of all Toungs, *Dutch* hath most Nerves and Bones,
Except the *Pole*, who hurls his VVords like Stones.
Some fain, that when our Protoplastick Sire
Loft Paradis by a just kindled ire,
He in *Italian tempted* was, in *French*
He fell a *begging* Pardon, but from thence
He was thrust out in the high *Teuton* Toung
VVhence *English*, though much *polish'd* since, is sprung.
This Book is then an *inlay'd Piece* of Art;
English the *Knots* which strengthen ev'ry part.
Four Languages are here together fix'd:
Our *Lemsters Ore* with *Naples Silk* is mix'd.
The *Loire*, the *Po*, the *Thames*, and *Tagus* glide
All in one Bed, and kiss each others side.
The *Alps* and *Pyrenean* Mountains meet:
The *Rose* and *Fowrdelyce* hang in one street.
Nay, *Spain* & * *Redcapt France* a League here strike.
If 'twixt their *Kings* and *Crowns* there were the like,
Poor *Europe* should not *bleed* so fast, and call
Turbans at last unto her Funeral. 1657.

Before a great Volume of

PROVERBS,

In Five *Languages.*

THe *Peeples Voice, the Voice of God* we call;
And what are *Proverbs* but the *Peeples Voice?*
Coyn'd first, and current made by *common* choice:
Then ſure they muſt have weight and truth withal.
They are a *Publick Heritage*, entail'd
On ev'ry Nation, or like *Hirelomes* nail'd,
VVhich paſs from *Sire* to *Son*, and ſo from *Son*
Down to the *Grandchild* till the world be done.
They are *Free-denizons* by long deſcent,
VVithout the *Grace* of Prince or Parlement:
The trueſt *Commoners*, and *inmate* Gueſts;
We fetch them from the Nurſe and Mothers breaſts:
They can *Preſcription* plead 'gainſt King or Crown,
And need no *Affidavit* but their own.
We thought it then well worth the pains and coſt
To muſter up theſe Ancients in one Hoſt:
Which here like *furbiſh'd Medals* we preſent
To all that breathe in *Chriſtendom* and *Kent.*

Of

Of the ſtrange vertu of VVords,
Before
The Great NOMENCLATURA;
Wherein are the proper Terms in four Languages belonging to Arts
Mechanical *and* Liberal:
Which Poem conſiſts of above Sixty Sentences.

WOrds are the Souls Ambaſſadors, who go
Abroad upon her Arrands to and fro.
They are the ſole Expounders of the mind,
And correſpondence keep 'twixt all mankind.
They are thoſe Airy Keys that ope (and *wreſt*
Sometimes) the Locks and Hinges of the Breaſt.
By *Them* the Heart makes Sallies: VVit and Sence
Belong to *Them*: *They* are the Quinteſſence
Of thoſe Ideas which the Thoughts diſtil,
And ſo calcine and melt again, until
They drop forth into *Accents* in whom lies
The Salt of Fancy, and all Faculties.

The World was fram'd by the *Eternal Word*,
VVho to each Creture did a name afford;
And ſuch an Union made 'twixt *Words* and *Things*,
That ev'ry *Name* a *Nature* with it brings.

Words do involve the greateſt myſteries:
By *Them* the Jew into his Cabal pries.
The Chymik ſays, In Stones, in Herbs, in *Words*,
Nature for ev'ry thing a cure affords.
Nay, ſome have found the Glorious *Stars* to be
But *Letters* ſet in an Orthography
The Fate of Kings and Empires to foretel,
VVith all things els below, could we *them ſpell.*

That gran diſtinction between *Man* and *Brute*,
VVe may to *Language* chiefly attribute.
The Lyon *roars*, the Elephant doth *bray*;
The Bull doth *bellow*, and the Horſe doth *neigh*:
Man *ſpeaks*: 'Tis only man can *Words* create,
And cut the Air to ſounds *articulate*
By Natures ſpecial Charter. Nay, *Speech* can
Make a ſhrewd diſcrepance 'twixt *Man* and *Man.*
It doth the *Gentleman* from *Clown* diſcover;
And from a *Fool* the grave *Philoſopher*:
As *Solon* ſaid to one in Judgement weak,
I thought thee wiſe until I heard thee ſpeak.
For *Words* in man bear the moſt Critick part:
VVe ſpeak by *Nature*, but *ſpeak well by Art.*
And as good *Bells* we judge of by the ſound,
So a *Wiſe* man by *Words well plac'd* is found.
Therefore it may be call'd no vain pretence,
VVhen 'mong the reſt the *Young* would be a *Senec.*

The

The Toung's the *Rudder* which *mans* fancy guides
VVhilſt on this worlds tempeſtuous *Seas* he rides.

Words are the Life of Knowledge; They ſet free,
And bring forth *Truth* by way of Midwifry:
The activ'ſt Cretures of the *teeming* Brain;
The Judges who the *inward* man arraign:
Reaſons chief Engin and Artillery
To batter Error, and make *Falſhood* fly:
The Canons of the minde, who ſometimes bounce
Nothing but VVar, then Peace again pronounce.
The *Rabbins* ſay, Such is the ſtrength of VVords,
That they make deeper VVounds then Spears or Swords.
This Book may then be call'd a Magazine
Of *Arms* and *Words*: It keeps, and doth combine
Four *Toungs*: 'tis like a Frame on divers VVheels;
One follows ſtill the other at the heels.
The ſmooth *Italian*, and the nimble *Frank*,
The long-lung'd *Spaniſh* march all in a rank:
The *Engliſh* heads them, ſo commands the Van;
And reſon good in *this* Meridian.
But *Spain* brings up the Rear, becauſe we know
Her Counſels are ſo *long*, and Pace ſo ſlow.

Upon the great Drammatical Work of B. *and* Fletcher, *publiſh'd* 1646.

WHat? Now the Stage is down, dar'ſt thou appear,
Bold *Fletcher*, on this tott'ring Hemiſphear?
Yes; *Poets* are like *Palms*, which the more weight
One caſts upon *them*, grow more ſtrong & *ſtreight*.
'Tis not *Joves Thunderbolt*, or *Mavors Spear*,
Nor roaring *Neptunes Trident* Poets fear.
Had now Grim *Ben* been breathing, with what rage,
And high-ſwoln fury had he laſh'd this Age?
Shakeſpear with *Chapman* had grown mad, and torn
The gentle *Soc*, and *lofty Buskins* worn
To make their *Muſe* welter up to the Chin
In *blood*: Of *fained Scænes* no need had bin
England, like *Lucians Eagle*, with an Arrow
Of her own *Plumes* piercing her heart quite thorow,
Had been the *Tragic Scæne*, and ſubject fit
To exerciſe in *real* Truths their wit.
Yet, none like *high-wing'd Fletcher* had bin found
This *Eagles* diſmal Deſtiny to ſound:
Rare *Fletchers Quill* had ſoar'd up to the Sky,
And drawn down *Gods* to ſee the Tragedy.

Live,

Live, famous *Drammatiſt*, let evry Spring
Make thy *Bay* flouriſh, and freſh Bourgeons bring:
And ſince we cannot have Thee *tread* the *Stage*,
VVe will applaud Thee in thy ſilent *Page*.

To his late Majeſty, at the Dedication unto Him of

DODONAS GROVE,
OR
The VOCAL FOREST:

Wherein there were many Prophetical *Paſſages.*

IN times of yore, when *Earth* was yet but Clods,
Trees for their *Gardians* had no leſs then *Gods*:
Jove did protect the *Oke*, *Bacchus* the *Vine*;
Minerva ſaid, The *Olive* ſhall be mine:
Venus the *Myrtle* for her Minion took;
Apollo would the *Laurel* overlook.
My *Trees* need no ſuch *Patrons*; one mild glance
Of *Cæſars* eye, will beſt their *Buds* advance.

To her Majeſty, now Queen-mother.

BOurgeon *du Gran* Bourbon, *qui ſoubs ſes doux rameaux*
Maintint la France *en* Paix *apres tant de travaux*

Vine

Vint Ans *entiers*, *ayant en bonne guerre*
Les Princes Brouillons *mis quatre fois en terre*,
J' ay veu ſouventes fois ſon Nom *luyſant en* Marbre,
Mais non pas engravè juſqu' à preſent en Arbre,
Parmi ces Bois *icy l' on trouvera (peut eſtre)*,
Madame, Votre Nom * *taillè en groſſe Lettre.*

* *Arbetine* (Virtuoſa) Anagr. of Henrieta.

To Prince *Charles*, *(now King.)*

TO correſpond now with the Verdant * *Spring*,
And your *Green* yeers, the *Top-branch* of a King;
A Bud ſhot from the *Roſe* and *Flower-de-Luce*,
The beſt of *ſtems* Earth yet did e'er produce;
What Preſent can I bring that more agrees
Both with the ſeaſon, and your yeers, then *Trees*?
They ſoon will caſt their *leafs*, and *Autumn* find,
But may *You* ſhed nor *leafs*, nor *blooms*, nor *rind*,
Till *muſſ'd* with hoary *Moſs*, you do behold
Fair *Cions* from your ſelf grow *tall* and old.

* *Maii* 2.

Before

Before the VOCAL FOREST, *To the knowing Reader, Touching the Progress of Learning.*

Science in *India* first her beams display'd,
And with the Rising Sun her self convay'd
Through *Chaldee* into *Egypt*; then *She* came
Among the *Greeks*, and so to *Tyber* Swam:
Whence clammering ore the *Alps*, these *North-west* parts
She civiliz'd, and introduc'd the Arts.
In *Albions woolly Isle*, she welcom found,
Which for her Bards and *Druyds* grew Renown'd
So *call'd*, because they commonly did use
On God and Natures works 'mongst *Trees* to Muse,
And fix their Speculations; for in Rind
Of Trees was *Learning* swadled first, I find.
Th' *Egyptian* Priests, and *Brackmans* us'd of old
Their fancies in dark *Characters* to fold.
The *Greeks* and *Latines* us'd to Poetize
By *Emblems*, *Fictions*, and *Mythologies*:
For it was held a pleasing piece of Art,
Things *Real* under *Shadows* to impart.
Then be not rash in censure, if I strive
An ancient way of Fancy to revive;

While

While *Druyd*-like converſing thus with Trees,
Under their bloomy ſhade I *Hiſtorize*.
Trees were ordain'd for ſhadow, and I find
Their *Leafs* were the firſt veſtment of Mankind.

To the Common *Reader.*

Opinion is that high and mighty Dame
Which rules the World, and in the *Mind* doth frame
Diſtaſt or *liking:* for in Humane Race,
She makes the *Fancy* various as the *Face.*
Sometimes the Father differs from the Son,
As doth the *Goſpel* from the *Alcharon*,
Or *Loyola* from *Calvin*, which two brands,
In ſtrange Combuſtions hurl fair *Europes* Lands.
So that amongſt ſuch Atomes of Mankind,
You ſcarce can *two* encounter of one mind.
This makes my *Trees* all *Aſpen*, 'cauſe they muſt
Lie ope to ev'ry *Wind*, and vulgar *Guſt:*
Yet, much they fear not any *Criticks* knocks,
Unleſs they chance to ſtumble 'mong the *blocks.*

——*Ex quovis* Stipite *non fit*
Mercurius.

To the Critical *Reader.*

IF *Satyres* here you find, think it not ſtrange;
'Tis proper Satyres in the *Woods* ſhould range:
And for free Speech, why may not Verſe or Proſe
Sit under *Trees* as ſafely as the *Roſe?*
Yet here is nothing, though a *Grand Inqueſt*
You ſhould Empannel, but may bide the Teſt:
For *Petty Juries*, let the Reader know,
Compoſures of *this kind* ſtoop not ſo low.

Touching the Vertu and Uſe Of Familiar Letters.

LOve is the life of Friendſhip; *Letters* are
The life of *Love*, the Load-ſtones that by rare
Attraction make ſouls meet, and melt, and mix,
As when by *Fire* exalted Gold we fix.
They are thoſe wing'd Poſtillions that can fly
From the Antartic to the Artic Sky:
The Heralds and ſwift Harbengers that move
From Eaſt to Weſt on Embaſſies of Love.
They can the *Tropiks* cut, and croſs the *Line*,
And ſwim from Ganges to the Rhone or Rhine:

Fom

From Thames to Tagus; thence to Tyber run,
And terminat their journey with the Sun.

They can the Cabinets of Kings unscrue,
And hardest intricacies of State unclue.
They can the *Tartar* tell what the *Mogor*,
Or the Great *Turk*, doth on the Asian shore.
The *Knez* of them may know, what *Prester John*
Doth with his Camels in the torrid Zone:
Which made the Indian *Inca* think, *They* were
Spirits who in white sheets the Air did tear.

The lucky *Goose* sav'd *Jove*'s beleagred Hill
Once by her noise, but oftner by her *Quill*.
It twice prevented *Rome* was not ore-run
By the tough *Vandal*, and the rough-hewn *Hun*.

Letters can Plots though moulded under ground
Disclose, and their fell Complices confound:
Witness that *Fiery Pile* which would have blown
Up to the Clouds, Prince, People, Peers, and Town,
Tribunals, Church and Chappel, and had dride
The Thames, though swelling in her highest pride;
And parboyl'd the poor Fish, which from her Sands
Had been toss'd up to the adjoyning Lands.
Lawyers as *Vultures* had soar'd up and down;
Prelates like *Mag-pies* in the Air had flown,
Had not the *Eagles Letter* brought to light
That Subterranean horrid work of Night.

Credential

Credential *Letters* States and Kingdomes tie;
And Monarchs knit in Ligues of Amitie;
They are those Golden Links that do enchain
Whole Nations, though discinded by the Main:
They are the Soul of *Trade*; They make Commerce
Expand it self throughout the Universe.
Letters may more then *History* include;
The choicest Learning both in Verse and Prose.
They Knowledg can unto our souls display
By a more gentle and familiar way.
The highest points of *State and Policy*,
The most severe parts of Philosophy,
May be their subject, and their Themes enrich
As well as *privat businesses*, in which
Friends use to correspond, and Kindred greet,
Merchants Negotiat, the whole world meet.
In *Seneca*'s rich *Letters* is inshrin'd
What ere the ancient Sages left behind:
Tully makes *His* the secret symptomes tell
Of those Distempers which proud *Rome* befel,
When in her highest flourish she would make
Her *Tyber* of the *Ocean* homage take.
Great *Antonin* the Emperour did gain
More Glory by his *Letters* then his Raign;
His *Pen* out-lasts his *Pike*; each Golden Line
In his *Epistles* doth his name inshrine.

Aurelius by his *Letters* did the same,
And *they* in chief immortallize his fame.
Words vanish soon, and vapour into Air,
While *Letters* on Record stand fresh and fair,
And tell our *Nephews* who to us were dear,
Who our choice Friends, who our Familiars were.
The bashful Lover when his stammring Lips
Falter, and fear some unadvised slips,
May boldly court his Mistress with the *Quill*,
And his hot passions to her brest instil:
The *Pen* can furrow a fond Females heart,
And pierce it more then *Cupids* feigned Dart.
Letters a kind of Magic Vertu have,
And like strong *Philtres* Human Souls inslave.
Speech is the *Index*, Letters *Idea's* are
Of the informing Soul: they can declare,
And shew the *inward* man, as we behold
A face reflecting in a Chrystal mould.
They serve the Dead and Living; they become
Attorneys and *Administers*. In sum:
Letters like Gordian Knots do Nations tie,
Else all commerce and love 'twixt men would die.

To the Sagacious Reader.

UT clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus;
Claditur Hæc Cerâ, claditur illa serâ.

As Keys do open Chests,
So Letters open Brests.

Upon a Rare and Recent Persian

TRAGY-HISTORY.

1655.

THis is an Age of Wonders; ev'ry Clime
Abounds with Prodigies: there is no Crime,
Not a notorious Villany or Fact,
No foul infandous Thing, or ugly Act,
That ever *Adams* Sons did perpetrate,
But we have flagrant instances of late.
For Sacriledge, and horrid Blasphemy,
Base Lyes, created Fears and Perjury;
For Scripture-pride, Extortion, Avarice,
(The root of all our ills, and leading vice)
For Public Frauds, False Lights, and Fatuous Fires;
Fanatic Fancies clad in Faiths attire;
For Politicians, if one could rake Hell,
He hardly there could find their parallel.

Did *Machiavil*, or *Methro* live agen,
They would be counted Saints match'd with theſe men:
For Murther, and the crying ſin of Blood,
The like, but one, was never ſince the Flood.
In ſome, we may for theſe, and thouſands more,
Vie Villanies with any Age before.

Nor is it *Europe* onely that doth breed
Such Monſters, but the Aſian Regions feed
As bad; witneſs this *Perſian* Tragedy,
Compil'd with ſo much Art and Energy:
As if the Soul of *Ben*, of *Pond'rous Ben*,
Did move in you, and guide both Brain and Pen:
You make the Actors with ſuch paſſion ſpeak,
As if the very Lines with Blood did reak.

Go on, brave Spark, improve thy Talent ſtill,
And gain more ground on the *Pierian* Hill.

An Elegie upon EDWARD *late Earl of* Dorſet, 1651.

Who died about the time of voting down the Houſe of PEERS.

Lords have been long declining, (we well know)
And making their laſt Teſtaments: but now
They are *Defuncti*, They are extinguiſh'd All,
And never like to riſe by this *Lords* fall.

A Lord whoſe Intellectuals alone
Might make a Houſe of *Peers*, and prop a Throne,
Had not ſo dire a Fate hung ore the Crown,
That *Priviledge*, *Prerogative* ſhold drown.

Where ere he ſate he ſway'd, and *Courts* did awe,
Gave *Biſhops* Goſpel, and the *Judges* Law
With ſuch exalted Reaſons which did flow
So cleer and ſtrong, that made *Aſtræa* bow
To his Opinion: for where He did ſide,
Advantag'd more then half the *Bench* beſide.

But is great *Sackvil* dead? Do we him lack?
And will not all the Elements wear *Black*?
Whereof he was compos'd a *perfect Man*,
As ever *Nature* in one frame did ſpan.

Such High-born thoughts, a Soul so large and free,
So clear a *Judgement*, and vast *Memory*;
So princely *Hospitable*, and brave mind,
We must not think in haste on earth to find,
Unless the *Times* wold turn to *Gold* agen,
And Nature get new strength in forming men.
His *Person* with it such a state did bring,
That made a *Court* as if he had been *King*.
No wonder, since He was so near a kin
To *Norfolks Duke*, and the great *Maiden Queen*;
He courage had enough by conquering *One*,
To have confounded that whole *Nation*:
Those parts which *single* do in some appear,
Were all *concentred* here in one bright Sphear:
For *Brain*, *Young*, *Spirit*, *Heart*, and *Personage*,
To mould up such a *Lord* will ask an *Age*.
But how durst pale white-liverd Death seize on
So dauntless and *heroick* a Champion?

Yes, To die once is that uncancell'd Debt
Which Nature claims, and raiseth by Esebet
On all Mankind by an old Statute past
Primo Adami, which will always last
Without Repeal; Nor can a second Lease
Be had of life, when the first term doth cease.

Mount, Noble Soul; among the *Stars* take place,
And make a new *One* of so bright a Race

May

May *Jove* out-shine, that *Venus* still may be
In a *benign Conjunction* with Thee,
To check that *Planet* which on *Lords* hath lowr'd,
And such *malign* Influxes lately pour'd.
Be now a *Star* thy self for *those* which here
Did on thy *Crest* and upper *Robe* appear:
For thy Director take the *Star* we read,
Which to thy Saviours Birth three Kings did lead.

A Corollary.

THus have I blubber'd out some Tears and Verse
On this Renowned *Heroe* and his Herse:
And could my Eyes have dropt down Perls upon't
In lieu of Tears, God knows I would have don't:
But *Tears* are real, *Pearls* for their *Emblems* go,
The *first* are fitter to express my *Wo*.
Let this small *Mite* suffice, until I may
A larger tribut to his Ashes pay:
In the mean time this *Epitaph* shall stint,
And to my Elegy a period put.

HEre *lies a* Grandee, *by Birth, Parts, and Mind,*
Who hardly left his Parallel *behind:*
Here lies the Man of Men, *who should have been*
A King, An Emperour, had Fortune seen.

Totus in Lachrymas solutus
sic singultivit, *J. H.*

An

EPITHALAMIUM

Upon the Nuptials *of that* Princely Pair, Henry *Lo. Marquiſs of* Dorcheſter,

And the Lady Katherine, *Daughter to the late Heroik Earl of* Darby:

In a Dialog

Twixt Philemon *and* Sylvius.

Philemon.

WHat Objeƈt's that which I behold
Dazzling my Eyes with Gems and Gold?
Her Face, me thinks, darts ſuch a Ray
That adds more brightneſs to the Day:
Her Breath perfumes the place, Her Curls and Hair
Like Indian Spice Aromatize the Air.
A ſparkling White and Black breaks from her ſight
Like to the Diamonds redoubling light;
As ſhe doth walk the very ground and ſtone,
Turn to Field-*Argent* which ſhe treads upon.
A Mortal ſure ſhe cannot be,
But ſome tranſcending Deity.
My dearеſt *Sylvius*, pray unfold
Who's that rare Creture I behold?

Sylvius.

Sylvius.

She is a Princeſs and a Bride
Goes to the Temple to be tide
In Nuptial Bonds; Her Stars will not permit
That at the Veſtal fires ſhe longer ſit.
She's *Derby*'s Royal Blood, *Derby le Gran*,
And now ſhe travels to the *Ile of Man*.
She of the Princely *Orenge* is a Branch,
Imp'd on the high *Trimouillan* ſtem of *France*,
Two of the faireſt Kingdoms ſtrove, and tride
Their utmoſt to compleat this lovely Bride.
'Tis *She* which makes 'twixt Gems and Gold
That Conſtellation you behold.

Philemon.

But who's that comely *Sanguin* Peer
Which on her heart-ſide walks ſo neer?
He likewiſe makes all *Argent* as he goes:
Look at his feet how thick the *Cinqfoyl* grows.

Sylvius.

'Tis wiſe and wealthy *Pierrpoint*, who renowns
With *Titles three* of *Englands* chiefeſt Towns:
A precious *Pond'rous* Lord, whoſe ſole Eſtate
A *Jury* of new *Barons* might create,

Patron

Patron of Vertu, Chivalry and Arts,
Cauſe he himſelf excels in all theſe parts.
'Tis he who by the hand doth hold
That Demi-Goddeſs you behold.

Philemon.

Is't ſo? then my *Autumnal* Muſe ſhall ſing
An Hymenæum, and fetch back her *Spring*.
This ſubject a freſh vigor doth inſpire,
And heats my brain with an unuſual fire.

An

HYMENÆUM,

Or

Bridal-Sonet:

Conſiſting of four Stanzas, and to be ſung by three Voyces, according to a choice Air ſet thereupon,

By Mr. Will. Webb.

1 Chorus.

MAy all felicity betide
This Princely Bridegroom and his Bride.
May thoſe Delights this Morn ſhall bring
Be *endleſs*, as their Nuptial *Ring*.

May

May they be constant, and exceed
Each others Wishes, Hopes and Creed,
May the three Regions of the Air
Pour showres of Blessings on this Pair,
May *Sol* and *Cynthia* with their Rays
Silver their Nights, and *Gild* their Days.

2 Chorus.

All Joys attend, and best of Fate,
This Noble Marquis and His Mate.

An HYMENÆUM.

2 Stanza.

YE gentle Nymphs of *Trent* and *Dee*
Make haste to this solemnity:
Your streams and beds now meet in one
By this High-sprung Conjunction.
Ye Wood-Nymphs who green Garlands wear
In *Shirewood* Launds and *Delamer*;
Ye Dames of *Helicon* attend,
And *Graces* your sweet presence lend;
Lucina come, and pray there be
Employment in due time for thee.

Chorus.

Chorus.

May all Felicity betide
This Noble Bridegroom and his Bride.

An HYMENÆUM.

3 *Stanza.*

MAy they ſuch gallant Males produce,
Both to the *Roſe* and *Flowerdeluce*;
That *Englands* Chivalry and *French*
May multiply, and bourgeon hence:
Whoſe Branches ſhooting ore the Main,
May knit and bloſſome here again,
That *Pierrpoints* Lyon and *Cinqfoyl*,
May ramp and root in every Soyl:
Nor may their Noble Race wear out
Till *Plato's* great year wheel about.

Chorus.

May all Felicity betide
This Noble Bridegroom and his Bride.

An HYMENÆUM.

4 Stanzas,

Closing with a serious Gradual Vote.

MAy all the *Elements* conspire
To make them bless'd in their desire.
May all the *Stars* on them reflect
Their mildest looks in *Trine Aspect.*
May all the *Angels* them defend
From evry thing doth ill portend.
May *Angels*, *Stars*, and *Elements*,
Afford them such compleat contents,
That they have nothing els to wish
But a *Persueverance* of Bliss.

Chorus.

All Joys attend, and best of Fate,
This Noble Marques, and his Mate.

A Poem Heroique,

Presented to his late Majesty for a New-years-Gift.

THe Worlds All-lightning *Ey* had now begun
Through watry *Capricorn* his course to run:
Old *Janus* hastned on, his Temples bound
With *Ivy*, his gray hairs with *Holly* crown'd,
When in a serious quest my Thoughts did muse
What Gift, as best becoming, I should chuse
To *Britains* Monarch (my dread Soveraign) bring,
Which might supply a *New-years* Offering;
I rummag'd all my stores, search'd all my Cells,
Where nought appear'd, God wot, but *Bagatels*:
No far-fetch'd Indian *Gem* cut out of Rock,
Or fish'd in shells were trusted under lock:
No piece which *Angelo*'s strong fancy hit,
Or *Titians* Pensil, or rare *Hylliards* Wit:
No *Ermins*, or black *Sables*, no such skins
As the grim *Tartar* hunts, or takes in gins;
No *Medals*, or rich stuff of *Tyrian* Dy;
No costly *Bowls* of frosted Argentry:
No curious *Land-skip*, or some *Marble* Piece
Digg'd up in *Delphos*, or els-where in *Greece*.
No *Roman* Perfumes, Buffs or Cordovans
Suppled with Amber by *Moreno*'s hands:

No

No *Arras* or rich *Carpets* freighted ore
The Surging Seas from *Asia*'s doubtful shore;
No *Lyons Cub*, or Beast of strange Aspect,
Which in *Numidia*'s fiery Womb had slept.
No old *Toledo Blades*, or *Damaskins*;
No *Pistols*, or some rare-spring'd *Carrabins*.
No *Spanish Ginet*, or choice Stallion sent
From *Naples*, or hot *Africs* Continent.
In fine, I nothing found I could descry
Worthy the hands of *Cæsar* or his Ey.
My Wits were at a stand, when lo, my Muse
(None of the *Quire*, but such as they do use
For *Laundresses* or *Handmaids* of mean rank,
I knew sometimes on *Po* and *Isis* Bank)
Did softly Buz, ——

Muse.

—— Then let *Me* something bring
May hansel the New-year to *Charles* my King,
May usher in *bifronted Janus*.

Poet.

Thou fond fool-hardy *Muse*, thou silly thing
Which 'mongst the Shrubs & Reeds dost use to sing,
Dar'st thou perk up, and the tall Cedar clime,
And venture on a *King* with gingling Rime?

Though

Though all thy Words wer Perls, and Letters Gold,
And cut in Rubies, or cast in a mould
Of Diamonds, yet still thy *Lines* would be
Too mean a Gift for such a Majesty.

Muse.

I'le try, and hope to pass without disdain,
In New-years-Gifts the *Mind* stands for the *Main*.
The Sophy, finding twas *well meant*, did daign
Few *drops of running-water* from a Swain.
Then sure, 'twil please my *Leige* if I him bring
Some gentle drops from the *Castalian* Spring:
Though Rarities I want of such account,
Yet have I something on the *Forked mount*:
'Tis not the first, or third access I made
To *Cæsars* feet, and thence departed glad:
For as the Sun with his male heat doth render
Nile's muddy slime fruitful, and apt t' engender;
And daily to produce new kind of Cretures
Of various shapes, and thousand differing features:
So is my fancie quickned by the glance
Of his benign aspect and countenance,
It makes me pregnant, and to superfæte;
Such is the vigour of his beams and heat.
Once in a *Vocal Forrest* I did sing,
And made the *Oak* to stand for *Charles* my King.

The

The best of Trees, whereof (it is no vant)
The greatest Schools of *Europe* sing and chant.
There you shall also finde Dame *ARETINE*,
Great *Henries* Daughter, and great *Britains* Queen;
Her Name engraven in a *Lawrel* Tree,
And so transmitted to Eternity;
For now I hear *That Grove* speaks besides *Mine*,
The Language of the *Loire*, the *Po*, and *Rhine*;
And to my *Prince* (my sweet *Black Prince*) of late
I did a youthful subject dedicate:
Nor do I doubt but that in time my *Trees*
Will yeild me *fruit* to pay *Apollo*'s Fees,
To offer up whole Hecatombs of praise
To *Cæsar*, if on them he cast his raies:
And if my Lamp have Oyl, I may compile
The Modern Annals of great *Albions* Isle,
To vindicate the truth of *Charles* his Raign
From scribling *Pamphletors*, who story stain
With loose imperfect passages, and thrust
Lame things upon the world, t'ane up in trust.

I have had audience (in another strain)
Of *Europes* greatest Kings, when *German* Main,
And the *Cantabrian* waves I cross'd, I drank
Of *Tagus*, *Seine*, and sate at *Tibers* bank:
Through *Scylla* and *Carybdis* I have steer'd,
Where restless *Ætna* belching flames appeer'd.

By *Greece*, once *Pallas Garden*, then I paſt,
Now all ore-ſpread with Ignorance and Waſt:
Nor hath fair *Europe* her vaſt bounds throughout,
An *Academe* of Note I found not out.

But now, I hope, in a ſucceſsful prore,
The Fates have fix'd me on ſweet *Englands* ſhore;
And by theſe various wandrings tru I found,
Earth is our common *Mother*, evry ground
May be ones Country, for by birth each man
Is in this world a *Coſmopolitan*,
A free-born Burgeſs, and receivs thereby
His Denization from Nativity.

Nor is this Lower World but a huge Inn,
And *men* the rambling paſſengers, wherein
Some, warm Lodgings find, and that as ſoon
As out of *Natures* Cloſſets they ſee Noon,
And find the Table ready laid; but ſome
Muſt for their Commons trot, and trudge for room:
With eaſie pace ſome clime *Promotions Hill*;
Some in the *Dale*, do what they can, ſtick ſtill:
Some through falſe Glaſſes *Fortune* ſmiling ſpy,
Who ſtill keeps off, though ſhe appears hard by:
Some like the Oſtrich with their wings do flutter,
But cannot fly or ſoar above the Gutter:
Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hopes Cape*;
Some nere can do't, though the ſame courſe they ſhape:

So

So that poor Mortals are ſo many Balls
Toſs'd ſome ore Line, ſome *under* Fortunes walls.
And it is Heavens high pleſure *Man* ſhould ly
Obnoxious to this partiality,
That by induſtrious ways he ſhould contend
Natures ſhort pittance to improve and mend.
Now *Induſtry* nere fail'd at laſt t' advance
Her patient *Sons* above the reach of *Chance*.

Poet.

But whither rov'ſt thou thus ——?
Well, ſince I ſee thou art ſo ſtrongly bent,
And of a Gracious Look ſo confident;
Go, And throw down thy ſelf at *Cæſars* feet,
And in thy beſt attire thy Soveraign greet:
Go, an auſpicious and moſt bliſsful year
Wiſh him, as ere ſhin'd ore this Hemiſphear;
Good may the *Entrance*, better the *Middle* be,
And the *Concluſion* beſt of all the three.
Of *Joy* ungrudg'd may each day be a debter,
And evry Morn ſtill uſher in a better;
May the ſoft-gliding *Nones*, and evry *Ide*,
With all the *Calends*, ſtill ſome good betide;
May *Cynthia* with kind looks, and *Phœbus* rays
One *clear* his Nights, the other *gild* his Days:
Free Limbs, unphyſik'd Health, due Appetite,
Which no Sawce els but *Hunger* may excite:

Sound Sleeps, *green* Dreams be *His*, which repreſent
Symptomes of Health, and the next days content:
Chearful and vacant thoughts, not always bound
To Councel, or in deep Idea's drown'd:
(Though ſuch late traverſes and tumults might
Turn to a lump of care, the Airieſt wight.)
And ſince while fragile fleſh doth us array,
The *Humours* ſtill are combating for ſway
(Which, were they free of this Reluctancie,
And counter-pois'd, Man wold *immortal* be.)
May *Sanguin* ore the reſt predominate
In *Him*, and their malignant flux abate.

May his great *Queen*, in whoſe imperious Ey
Reigns ſuch a world of winning Majeſty
Like the rich Olive, or *Falernian* Vine,
Swell with more Gems of *Cions* Maſculine;
And as her *Fruit* ſprung from the *Roſe and Lute*,
(The beſt of *Stems* Earth yet did ere produce)
Is ti'd already by a Sanguin Lace,
To all the Kings of *Europes* high-born Race;
So may they ſhoot their youthful *Branches* ore
The Surging Seas, and graff with evry ſhore.

May home-commerce and Trade encreaſe from far,
That both the *Indies* meet within his bars,
And bring in mounts of *Coin* his *Mints* to feed,
And Banquers (Traſics chief Supporters) breed,

Which

Which may enrich his Kingdoms, Court & Town,
And *ballaſt* ſtill the Coffers of the Crown:
For Kingdoms are as Ships, the Prince his Cheſts
The Ballaſt, which if empty, when diſtreſt
With ſtorms, their holds are lightly trimm'd, the Keel
Can run no ſteady courſe, but toſs and reel.
May his *Imperial Chamber* always ply
To his deſires her wealth to multiply,
That ſhe may prize his Royal Favours more
Then all the wares fetch'd from the great *Mogor*.
May the *grand Senate*, with the *Subjects right*,
Put in the counter-Scale the *Regal might*
The flowres o'th' Crown, that they may prop each other,
And like the Grecians *Twin* live, love together:
For the chief glory of a peeple is
The power of their King, as Theirs is His.
May he be ſtill *within himſelf* at home,
That no juſt Paſſion make the Reſon roam:
Yet *Paſſions* have their turns to rouſe the Soul,
And ſtir her ſlumb'ring ſpirits, not *controul*.
For as the Ocean beſide Ebb and Flood
(Which Natures greateſt *Clerk* ne're underſtood)
Is not for ſail, if an impregning wind
Fill not the flagging Canvas; ſo a mind

Too calm, is not for Action, if desire
Heats not its self at *Passions* quickning fire;
For Nature is allow'd sometimes to muster
Her *Passions*, so they onely *blow*, not *bluster*.
May *Justice* still in her true Scales appear,
And *Honour* fix'd in no unworthy Sphear,
Unto whose Palace all access shold have
Through *Vertues* Temple, not through *Pluto*'s *Cave*.
May his tru subjects *hearts* be his chief Fort,
Their *Purse* his Tresure, and their *Love* his Port;
Their Prayers as sweet Incence to draw down
Myriads of Blessings on his Queen and Crown.
And now that his glad presence did asswage
Scotl. That fearful Tempest in the *North* did rage:
May those Frog-vapours in the *Irish* Sky
Be scatter'd by the Beams of Majesty,
That the *Hybernian Lyre* give such a sound,
May on our Coasts with joyful *Eccho*'s bound.
And when this fatal *Planet* leaves to lowr,
Which too too long on *Monarchies* doth powr
His direful influence, may *Peace* once more
Descend from *Heaven* on our tottering shore,
And ride in triumph both on Land and Main,
And with her Milk-white Steeds draw *CHARLES* *his Wain*:
That so for those *Saturnian* times of old,
An Age of *Perl* may come in lieu of *Gold*.

Vertu

Vertu ſtill guide his courſe; and if there be
A thing as *Fortune* Him accompany.
May no ill *Genius* haunt him, but by's ſide
The beſt *protecting-Angel* ever bide.
May *He* go on to vindicate the right
Of Holy things, and make the Temple bright,
To keep that *Faith*, that ſacred *Truth* entire,
Which he receiv'd from *Solomon* his Sire:
And ſince we all muſt hence by th' Ir'n Decree
Stamp'd in the Black Records of Deſtiny,
Late may his Life, his Glory nere wear out,
Till the great year of *Plato* wheel about.

Before

The Hiſtory of

NAPLES,

Called,

PARTHENOPE,

Or,

The Virgin-City.

Salve Parthenope, Decora Salve.

Parthenope, a City bright as Gold,
Or if the Earth could bear a richer Mold,
Is come to greet *Great Britain*, (Queen of Iles)
And to exchange ſome *Silks* for *Wool*: She ſmiles
To find that *Cloath* ſhold wear and feel ſo fine
As do her *Grograns*; ſhe doth half repine
That *Lemſters* Ore, and Spires of fallow'd Graſs
The Leafs of *Mulberries* ſhould ſo ſurpaſs
Which ſo abound in Her, with evry thing
Which pleaſure, wealth, or wonderment can bring,
That *Nature* ſeems to ſtrive how ſhe ſhold pleaſe
Herſelf, or *Us* with rare varieties.

There

There her own Bawd to be she may be said,
As if the Wanton with her self she plaid.

Let *England* then strow Rushes all the way
To welcome in the fair *Parthenopay:*
For I dare say, she never yet came ore
In such a *Garb* to visit any shore.

Of the most curious

Gardens, Groves, Mounts, Arbours, &c.

Contriv'd, and lately made by

The Lord Vicount *Killmorry*,

At *Dutton-Hall* in *Cheshire.*

A Prosopopœia to Cheshire.

CHeshire, thou *Shire of Men*, of Mines & Mounts,
Of Squires and Barons, Palatines and Counts,
Of curious Groves and Arbours, Walks & Woods,
Prophetique Trees and Castles, Founts and Floods,
Of stately *Dee*, whereon in times of yore,
Four Kings an English Monarch row'd ashore.

Dee

Dee who runs ſporting through thy wanton Vales,
Deſcending proudly from high-creſted *Wales*.
More Rarities thou haſt, could they be told
Then once thy Roman *Legion* was of old;
Which here I will not venture to incloſe,
Th' are fitter for a Volume in rich Proſe. (*Hall*,

But now, 'mong thy choice Landskips *Dutton*-
For *Mount*, *Grove*, *Arbour*, *Well*, ſurpaſſeth all.

Killmorry Mount with *Morhalls Grove*, *Ann's Well*,
And *Dutton Arbour* bear away the Bell;
A *Mount*, which all the *Muſes* might invite,
And make them *Parnaſſe*-Hill abandon quite.
A *Grove*, which chaſte *Diana* with her train,
And all the Nymphs of *Greece* might entertain:
A *Well* for Vertue, which defiance bids
To all, except her Neighbour *Winefrids*
Whoſe rare Sanative Waters are ſo pure
That ſundry ſorts of Maladies can cure.
Oh, could they cure the madneſs that now raigns,
The odd *Vertigo* which diſtracts the Brains
Of many thouſands, that *Lycanthropy*,
Turns men to wolfs by ſtrange Transformity!
A Transformation *England* never knew,
Till ſhe brought forth this *Hell-bred ugly Crew*;
Such a prodigious *Metamorphoſis*,
Poor baffled *England* never felt like this.

And

And as this Princely ſeat ſo much excels,
So do the *Lord* and *Lady* who there dwells;
A brave wiſe *Peer*, a gallant fruitful *Dame*;
Both of a taintleſs and far-ſpreading fame,
Bleſs'd with an Off-ſpring numerous and fair;
The *Gerards* hence, the *Needhams* have an Heir,
And *Duttons* too: three ancient Families
From this *Prolifique Hall* now have their riſe.
In ſum: This *Noble Lady* and her *Peer*,
Of any Earthly Mortals come moſt neer,
In point of Happineſs and ſtate of Bliſs,
To thoſe white ſouls who peeple *Paradis*.

Before that Exquiſit large Peece,

A Survay

Of the City and Signory of Venice.

COuld any *State* on Earth immortal be,
Venice by her rare Government is ſhe.
Venice, great *Neptunes Minion*, ſtill a *Maid*,
Though by the *Warlik'ſt Potentats* eſſay'd,
Yet ſhe retains her Virgin-water pure,
Nor any forraign mixtures can endure,
Though, *Syren-like*, on Shore and Sea, her face
Enchants all thoſe whom once ſhe doth embrace.

Nor

Nor is there any can her Beauty prize
But he who hath beheld her with his eyes.

These following Leaves display, if well observ'd,
How she so long her *Maiden-head* preserv'd;
How for sound Prudence she still bore the Bell,
Whence may be drawn this high-fetch'd parallel:

Venus and *Venice* are, Great *Queens* in their degree;
Venus is Queen of *Love*, Venice of *Policy*.

A Fit of

MORTIFICATION.

1. WEak crazy *Mortal*, why dost fear
To leave this Earthly Hemisphear?
Where all delights away do pass
Like thy Effigies in a Glass,
Each thing beneath the Moon is frail and fickle;
Death sweeps away what *Time* cuts with his fickle.

2. This Life at best is but an Inn,
And we the Passengers, wherein
The Cloth is laid to some, before
They peep out of Dame Natures dore,
And warm Lodgings find, Others there are
Must trudge to find a room, and shift for fare.

3. This

3. This Life's at longeſt but one day:
He who in *Youth* poſts hence away
Leaves us i' th' *Morn*; He who who hath run
His race till *Manhood*, parts at *Noon*;
And who at ſeventy odd forſakes this light,
He may be ſaid to take his leave at *Night*.

4. One paeſt makes up the Prince and Peaſan,
Though one eat Roots, the other Feaſan:
They nothing differ in the *Stuff*,
But both extinguiſh like a Snuff.
Why then, fond Man, ſhold thy ſoul take diſmay
To ſally out of theſe groſs walls of Clay?

A
Lovers Proteſtation.

FIrſt ſhall the Heavens bright Lamp forget to ſhine,
The Stars ſhall from the Azur'd Sky decline:
Firſt ſhall the Orient with the Weſt ſhake hand,
The Centre of the World ſhall ceaſe to ſtand:
Firſt Wolves ſhall ligue with Lambs, the Dolphins (fly,
The Lawyer and Phyſitian Fees deny:

The

The *Thames* with *Tagus* shall exchange her bed,
My *Mistriss* locks with mine shall first turn red:
First Heaven shall lie below, and Hell above,
Ere *I* inconstant to my *Delia* prove.

Upon Himself, having been buried alive for many years in the Prison of the Fleet,

By the State *or Long Parliament*
For his Loyalty.

HEre lies intomb'd a Walking Thing,
Whom *Fortune*, with the *State* did fling
Between these Walls. Why? Ask not that;
They both being *blind*, know not for what.

A Gradual Hymn of a double cadence, tending to the Honour of the Holy *Name of God.*

1. LEt the vast Universe,
And therein evry thing
The mighty Acts rehearse
Of their immortal King,
His Name extol,
What to *Nadir*,
From *Zenith* stir,
'Twixt Pole and Pole.

2. Ye

2. Ye *Elements* that move,
And alter evry hour,
Yet herein conſtant prove,
And ſymbolize all four:
His praiſe to tell,
Mix all in one,
For Air and Tone,
To ſound this Peal.

3. *Earth*, which the Centre art,
And onely ſtandeſt ſtill,
Yet *move*, and bear thy part,
Reſound with *Eccboes* ſhrill.
Thy *Mines* of Gold,
With Precious Stones,
And Unions,
His fame uphold.

4. Let all thy fragrant *Flowers*
Grow ſweeter by this Air;
Thy talleſt Trees and Bowers
Bud forth and bloſſom fair:
Beaſts wild and tame,
Whom Lodgings yeild,
Houſe, Dens or Field,
Collaud his Name.

5. Ye *Seas* with Earth that make
One Globe flow high, and ſwell,
Exalt your *Makers* Name,
In Deep his Wonders tell:
Leviathan,
And what doth ſwim
Neer Bank or Brim,
His Glory ſcan.

6. Ye *Airy Regions* all,
Joyn in a ſweet concent,
Blow ſuch a Madrigal
May reach the *Firmament*:
Winds, Hail, Ice, Snow,
And perly Drops
That hang on Crops,
His Wonders ſhow.

7. Pure *Element of Fire*,
With holy ſparks inflame
This Sublunary Quire,
That all one Conſort frame.
Their ſpirits raiſe
To Trumpet forth
Their *Makers* worth,
And ſound his praiſe.

8. Ye *glorious Lamps* that roul
In your Cœlestial Sphears,
All under his controul,
Who you on Poles up-bears;
Him magnifie,
Ye Planets bright,
And fixed Lights
That deck the Skie!

O *Heav'n Chrystalline*,
Which by the Watry hue
Dost temper and refine
The rest in Azur'd Blue:
His Glory sound,
Thou first Mobeel,
Which mak'st all wheel
In circle round.

10. Ye *Glorious Souls* who raign
In sempiternal Joy,
Free from that flesh and pain,
Which here did you annoy,
And him behold,
In whom all Bliss
Concentred is;
His laud unfold.

11. *Bless'd Maid* which dost surmount
All Saints and Seraphims,
And raign'st as Paramount,
And chief of Cherubims;
Chaunt out his praise,
Who in thy Womb
Nine moneths took room,
Though crown'd with rays.

12. Oh let my *Soul* and *Heart*,
My *Mind* and *Memory*
Bear in this Hymn a part,
And joyn with Earth and Sky.
Let evry VVight,
The whole world ore,
Laud and adore
The Lord of Light.

Upon a Beutiful Valentine.

A Sonnet.

COuld I charm the Queen of Loves
To lend a Quill of her white Doves,

Or

Or one of *Cupids* pointed wings,
Dipt in the fair Caſtalian ſprings:
Then wold I write the All-divine
Perfections of my *Valentine*.

As mongſt all flowers the *Roſe* excels,
As *Amber*, mongſt the fragrant'ſt ſmells,
As mongſt all Minerals the *Gold*,
As *Marble* mongſt the fineſt Mold,
As *Diamonds* mongſt Jewels bright,
As *Cynthia* mongſt the leſſer lights;
So mong the Northern Beauties ſhine,
So far excels my *Valentine*.

In *Rome* and *Naples* I did view
Faces of Coeleſtial hue;
Venetian Dames I have ſeen many,
(I onely ſaw them, touch'd not any)
Of *Spaniſh* Beauties, *Dutch* and *French*
I have beheld the *Quinteſſence*;
Yet ſaw I none that could out-ſhine,
Or Parallel my *Valentine*.

Th' *Italians* they are coy and quaint,
But they groſly daub and paint;
The *Spaniſh* kind are apt to pleaſe,
But ſav'ring of the ſame diſeaſe;

Of *Dutch* and *French* some few are comely,
The *French* are *light*, the *Dutch* are homely:
Let *Tagus*, *Po*, the *Loire* and *Rhine*
Then vail unto my *Valentine*.

Here may be seen pure white and red,
Not by feign'd *Art*, but *Nature* wed;
No simpering smiles, no mimic face,
Affected jesture, or forc'd face:
A fair-smooth front, free from least wrinkle,
Her eyes (Oy me) like Stars do twinkle.
Thus all perfections do combine
To beutifie my *Valentine*.

Upon Black Eyes, and Becoming Frowns.

A Sonnet.

Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs doth lie
My ill or happy Destiny:
If with clear looks you me behold,
You give me Mines and Mounts of Gold;
If you dart forth disdainful *rays*,
To your *own dy* you turn my days.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
My Bane or Bliss, my Paradis or Hell.

That *Lamp* which all the Stars doth blind,
Yeilds to your luſtre in ſome kind,
Though you do wear to make you bright
No other dreſs but that of *Night*.
He glitters onely in the *Day*,
You in the *Dark* your beams diſplay.
Black Eyes, in your two Orbs by changes dwell
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradis or Hell.

The cunning Thief that lurks for prize,
At ſome *Dark Corner* watching lies:
So that heart-robbing God doth ſtand
In your Black Lobbies ſhaft in hand,
To rifle me of what I hold
More precious far then *Indian* Gold.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradis or Hell.

O powerful *Negromantic* Eyes,
Who in your Circles ſtrictly pries,
Will find that *Cupid* with his Dart
In you doth practiſe the *Black Art*;
And by thoſe Spells I am poſſeſt,
Tries his concluſions in my Breſt.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradis or Hell.

Look on me, though in *frowning* wise;
Some kind of frowns become *Black* Eyes
As pointed Diamonds being set,
Caſt greater luſtre out of *Jet*:
Thoſe pieces we eſteem moſt rare
Which in *night-ſhadows* poſtur'd are:
Darkneſs in Churches *Congregats* the ſight
Devotion ſtraies in glaring *light*.
Black Eyes, in your dark Orbs by changes dwell
My Bane or Bliſs, my Paradis or Hell.

Upon Clorinda's *Mask.*

SO have I ſeen the Sun in his full pride
Ore-caſt with ſullen Clouds, and looſe his light:
So have I ſeen the brighteſt Stars denide
To ſhew their luſtre in ſome gloomy Night:
So Angels pictures have I ſeen vail'd ore,
That more devoutly men ſhould them adore;
So with a Mask I ſaw *Clorinda* hide
Her face more bright then was the *Lemnian* Bride.

Upon Dr. Davies Britiſh-Grammar.

'TWas a rough Task, believe it, thus to tame
A wild and *Wealthy* Language, and to frame
Grammatic toiles to curb her, ſo that ſhe
Now ſpeaks by *Rules*, and ſings by *Proſodie*:
Such is the ſtrength of Art rough things to ſhape,
And of rude Commons rich Incloſures make.

Doubtleſs much Oyl and Labour went to couch
Into Methodic Rules the rugged *Dutch*:
The *Rabbies* paſs my reach, but judge I can
Something of *Clenard* and *Quintilian*;
And for thoſe Modern Dames I find they three
Are onely lops cut from the *Latian* Tree;
And eaſie 'twas to ſquare them into parts,
The Tree it ſelf ſo bloſſoming with Arts.
I have been ſhewn for Iriſh and Baſcuence,
Imperfect Rules couch'd in an Accidence:
But I find none of theſe can take the ſtart
Of *Davies*, or that prove more *Men of Art*,
Who in exacter *Method* and clear way,
The *Idioms* of a *Language* do diſplay.

This is the *Toung* the *Birds* ſung in of old,
And *Druyds* their dark Knowledg did unfold:

Merlin in *this* his Prophecies did vent,
Which through the world of fame bear such extent.
This spoak that Son of *Mars*, that *Britain* bold
Who first 'mongst Christian-Worthies is inroll'd:
This *Brennus*, who, to his desire and glut,
This *Mistress* of the world did prostitut.
This *Arviragus* and King *Caturac*
Sole free, when all the world was on *Romes* rack.
This *Lucius* who on Angels wings did soar
To *Rome*, and would wear Diadem no more.
With thousand *Hero's* more, which shold I tell,
This New-year scarce wold serve me: So fare well.

Upon Christmas-Day.

1. HAil Holy Tide,
Wherein a Bride,
A *Virgin* (which is more)
Brought forth a Son,
The like was done
Nere in the World before.

2. Hail, Spotless Maid;
Who thee upbraid
To have been born in *Sin*,

Do

Do little weigh
What in thee lay,
Before thou didst *Lie-in.*

3. Three moneths thy Wombe
Was made the Dome
Of *Him*, whom Earth nor Air,
Nor the vast mold
Of Heaven can hold,
Cause he's *Ubiquitair.*

4. O would he daign
To rest and raign
I'th' centre of my heart,
And make it still
His Domicil,
And Residence in part.

5. But in so foul a Cell
Can he abide to dwell?
Yes, when he please to move
His Harbenger to sweep the Room,
And with rich Odours it perfume
Of *Faith*, of *Hope*, of *Love.*

Upon my Honoured Friend and F.

Mr. Ben. Johnson.

AND is thy Glass run out? is that Oyl spent
Which light to such strong sinewy labours lent?
Well *Ben*, *I* now perceive that all the *Nine*,
Though they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainst *Nights three Daughters*, but
One still must *spin*, one *twist*, the other *cut*:
Yet in despight of *Distaff*, *Clue*, and *Knife*,
Thou in thy *strenuous* Lines hast got a *Life*;
Which like thy Bays shall flourish evry Age
While *Sock* or *Buskin* shall ascend the Stage.

——*Sic vaticinatur*

J. H.

For the admitting Mistris Anne King *to be the tenth Muse.*

LAdies *of Helicon*, do not repine
I add one more unto your Number Nine

To

To make it even: *I* among you bring
No meaner then the Daughter of a *King*;
Fair *Basil-Ana*: quickly pass your voice,
I know *Apollo* will approve the choice,
And gladly her *install*, for I could name
Some of less merit *Goddesses* became.

A Hymn to the Blessed Trinity.

To the first Person.

TO thee, Dread *Soveraign*, and dread Lord,
Which out of Nought didst me afford
Essence and Life, who mad'st me *Man*,
And oh, much more a *Christian*:
Lo, from the centre of my heart,
All Laud and Glory I impart.

Hallelujah.

To the Second.

TO Thee blessed *Saviour* who didst free
My Soul from Satans Tyranny,
And madst her capable to be
An Angel of thy Hierarchy:
From the same Centre do *I* raise
All Honour and immortal Praise.

Hallelujah.

To

To the Third.

TO Thee sweet *Spirit* I return
That Love wherewith my heart doth burn,
And these bless'd Notions of my Brain
I now breath up to thee again:
O let them redescend, and still
My Soul with holy Raptures fill.

Hallelujah.

A short Ejaculation.

O God, who can those Passions tell
Wherewith my heart to Thee doth swell?
I cannot better them declare
Then by the Wish made by that rare
Aurelian Bishop, who of old
Thy Oracles in *Hippo* told.

If I were *Thou*, and Thou wert *I*,
I would resigne the *Deity*:
Thou shouldst be *God*, *I* wold be *Man*;
Is't possible that love more can?
Oh pardon, that my Soul hath tane
So high a flight, and grows prophane.

A Hymn of Mortification.

1. LOrd I cry,
Lord I fly
To thy Throne of Grace:
This World is irksome unto me:
In my mind
stings I find
Of that dismal place,
Where pains still growing young never die.
O thou whose clemency
Reacheth from Earth to Sky,
Set my sins from me as wide
As is East
From the West,
Or the Court of Bliss
From the Infern Abyss,
So far let us asunder ever bide.

2. ANgels blest,
With the rest
Of that Heavenly Quire,
Which Halleluja's always sing:
Fain wold I
Mount on high,

And

And those seats aspire,
Where evry Season is a constant Spring.
O Thou who thought'st no scorn
To be in *Bethlem* born,
Though grand Monarch of the Sky
Through a Flood
Of thy Blood
Let me safely dive,
And at that Port arrive,
Where I may ever rest from shipwrack free.

3. *Faith* and *Hope*,
Take your scope,
And my Pilots be
To waft me to this blisful Bay:
Gently guide
Through the tide
Of mans misery,
My Bark that it loose not the way.
When landed I shall be
At that *Port*, pardon me
If I bid you both farewel,
Onely *Love*
Reigns above
'Mong Cœlestial Souls,
Where Passion not controuls,
Nor any thing but *Charity* doth dwell.

4. LOrd of light,
In thy sight
Are those Mounts of Bliss
Which Humane Brains transcends so far,
Ear nor Ey
Can descry,
Nor heart fully wish,
Or Tongs of Men and Saints declare
Those Sense-surmounting Joys,
That free from all annoys
For those few up-treasur'd lie,
Which ere Sun
Shone at Noon,
Have their Names enroll'd
In Characters of Gold,
Through the white Volume of *Eternity*.

A Holy

RAPTURE.

COuld I screw up my Brain so high
With soaring Raptures that might fly
Unto the Empirean Sky,

How

How would *I* laud the Lord of light,
Who fills all things, and every Wight
With Plenty, Vigour and Delight?

My Voice with Hallelujahs loud
Shold pierce, and dissipate the *Clouds*,
Which in the Airie Region ground.

Then through the Element of *Fire*
Unto the *Stars* they should aspire,
And so to the *Seraphick* Quire.

Thus Earth and Sky with every thing
Should joyn with me, and Carrols sing
Unto the *Everlasting King*.

An

EJACULATION

To my

CREATOR.

AS the parch'd Field doth thirst for Rain
When the Dog-star makes Sheep and Swain
Of an unusual Drowth complain,
So *thirsts* my Heart for Thee.

As the chac'd Deer doth pant and bray
After ſome brook, or cooling Bay
When Hounds have worried her aſtray,
So *pants* my Heart for Thee.

As the forſaken Dove doth mone
When her beloved Mate is gone,
And never reſts while ſelf alone,
So *mones* my Heart for Thee.

Or as the Teeming Earth doth mourn
In Black (like Lover at an Urn)
Till *Titan*'s quickning Beams return,
So do I *mourn*, *mone*, *pant* and *thirſt*
For *Thee* who art my *Laſt* and *Firſt*.

Upon a Fit of

DISCONSOLATION,

or Deſpondency of Spirit.

EArly and late, both night and day,
By Moon-ſhine and the Suns bright Ray,
When ſpangling Stars emboſs'd the Sky,
And deck'd the Worlds vaſt Canopy,
I ſought the Lord of Light and Life,
But Oh my Lord kept out of ſight.

As at all *Times*, so evry *Place*
I made my *Church* to seek his Face:
In Forests, Chases, Parks and Woods,
On Mountains, Meadows, Fields and Floods,
I sought the Lord of Life and Light,
But still my Lord kept out of sight.

On *Neptun*'s back, when I could see
But few pitch'd planks 'twixt Death and me,
In Freedom and in Bondage long,
With Groans and Cries, with Pray'r and Song,
I sought the Lord of Life and Light,
But still my Lord kept out of sight.

In Chamber, Closet, (swoln with Tears)
I sent up Vows for my Arrears;
In Chappel, Church and Sacrament,
(The Souls *Ambrosian* Nourishment)
I sought the Lord of Life and Light,
But still my Lord kept out of sight.

What? is mild Heaven turn'd to Brass,
That neither sigh nor sob can pass?
Is all Commerce 'Twixt Earth and Sky
Cut off from *Adams* Progeny?
That thus the Lord of Life and Light
Should so, so long keep out of sight?

Such Passions did my mind assail,
Such terrours did my spirits quail,
When lo, a beam of Grace shot out
Through the dark clouds of sin and doubt,
Which did such quickning sparkles dart,
That pierc'd the centre of my heart.

O how my spirits came again,
How every cranny of my brain
Was fill'd with heat and wonderment,
With joy and ravishing content,
When thus the Lord of Life and Light
Did re-appeer unto my sight?

Learn Sinners hence, 'tis nere too late
To knock and cry at Heavens gate;
That Begger's blest'd who doth not faint,
But re-inforceth still his plaint:
The longer that the Lord doth hide his Face,
More bright will be his after-beams of Grace.

Upon the most Noble Work of the
Lo. Mar. of Winchester,
By rendring the French Gallery of Ladies *into*
English.

1. THe World of Ladies must be honour'd much,
That so sublime a Personage, that such
A Noble Peer, and Pen should thus display
Their Vertues, and expose them to the day.

2. *His* praises are like those coruscant Beams
VVhich *Phœbus* on high Rocks of Crystal streams:
The Matter and the Agent grace each other:
So *Danae* did when *Jove* made her a Mother.

3. Queens, Countesses and Ladies go, unlock
Your Cabinets, draw forth your richest stock
Of Jewels, and his Coronet adorn
VVith Rubies, Perl, and Saphyres yet unworn.

4. Rise early, gather flow'rs now in the spring,
Twist wreaths of Laurel, and fresh Garlands bring
To crown the Temples of this high-born Peer,
And make him your *Apollo* all the yeer.
And when his soul shall leave this Earthly Mine,
Then offer sacrifice unto his shrine.

Upon

Upon the untimely Death of the Lord

Fra. Villars,

Kill'd neer Kingston upon Thames.

HEre lies a Noble *Posthumus* inhum'd,
VVhose youthful breath that *Sanguin* Field perfum'd
Where while his heart with Martial flames did swell,
Among a Cru of *Cannibals* he fell.
Such a hard Destiny did post from hence
His gallant *Sire*, yet with this difference:
One Assassin fell'd him, but this brave Spray
Base Rebels in whole throngs did rend away.

Upon the Holy Sacrament.

I.

HAil holy Sacrament,
The worlds great VVonderment,
Mysterious Banquet, much more rare
Then Manna, or the Angels fare;
Each crum, though sinners on thee feed,
Doth *Cleopatra*'s Perl exceed.

Oh how my *Soul* doth hunger, thirſt and pine
After theſe Cates ſo precious, ſo divine!

2.

She need not bring her Stool
As ſome unbidden Fool;
The Maſter of this Heavenly Feaſt
Invites and wooes her for his Gueſt;
Though Deaf and Lame, Forlorn and Blind,
Yet welcome here ſhe's ſure to find,
So that ſhe bring a Veſtment for the day,
And her old tatter'd Rags throw quite away.

3.

This is *Bethſaida*'s Pool
That can both cleanſe and cool
Poor leprous and diſeaſed ſouls,
An Angel here keeps and controuls,
Deſcending gently from the Heavens above
To ſtir the waters; May He alſo move
My mind, and rockie heart ſo ſtrike and rend,
That tears may thence guſh out with them to blend.

A Divine

EJACULATION.

AS to the *Pole* the *Lilly* bends
In a Sea-compaſs, and ſtill tends,
By a Magnetic Myſtery
Unto the Artic poïnt in Sky,
Whereby the doubtful Piloteer
His courſe in gloomy Nights doth ſteer;

So the ſmall Needle of my Heart
Moves to her Maker, who doth dart
Atomes of Love, and ſo attracts
All my affections, which like ſparks
Fly up, and guide my Soul by this
To the tru centre of her Bliſs.

Of the Scene, and ingenious Compoſure of a

Florentine *Tragi-Comedy.*

FLorence 'mong Cities bears the name of *Fair*
For Streets and ſtately Structures, Site & Air:

A City, as a late Hiſtorian ſays,
Fit onely to be ſeen on Holy-days.
She breeds great Wits for high attempts and truſt,
Though often bent on black *Revenge* and *Luſt*,
We know the pureſt *Streams* have wooſe and ſlime,
So *Vices* mix with *Vertu* in this Clime;
And there are ſtore of *Stories* in that kind,
Which as I write, come crowding to my mind;
But *this* of yours will ſerve for *all*, which is
Compil'd with ſo much Art, that doubtful 'tis
VVhether the *Toſcan* Actors ſhew'd more *Wit*
In *plotting*, as *You* did in *penning* it.

Upon the Poems of Dr. Aylet,
An Ancient Maſter of the Chancery.

THough the *Caſtalian* Dames (and all the reſt
Of women-kind) love youthful ſpirits beſt,
Yet I have known them oftentimes inſpire
Autumnal brains with heats of *Enthean* fire:
Nay, 'tis obſerv'd in thoſe whom *Phœbus* loves,
The more the *Senſe* impairs, the *Soul* improves;
He darts on *Aged Trees* ſo bright a ſtroke,
As on the *Standel* of a luſtie Oke.

This work of yours, this mirrour of your minde,
Is a clear proof hereof, wherein I finde
Your *Autumn*, *Spring*, and *Summer* ſtill the ſame,
Your *Evening*, *Morn* and *Noon* have the like flame
Of *Apollineqn* fire, in ſuch degree
May melt the Readers into *Poeſie*:
Your Fancie with the Leaf doth neither fall
Nor fade, but ſtill is ſappy, ſtreight and tall.

Here are no whimſies, and ſtrong Lines that ſwell,
And more of Garlick then the Lamp do ſmell;
Such as thoſe rambling Rimers uſe to vent,
Who raiſe their Muſe on ſtilts, and not content
To tread on earth, do mount ſo high a ſtairy
That their conceits prove Non-ſenſe, Froth and *Air*.

Here's no ſuch Stuff, but Subſtance and rare Senſe,
Sound Rules and Precepts may be cull'd out hence:
Your Quadrains Symphonize with *Pybracks* ſtrains,
As if his Soul were tranſient in your brains.
Your ſmooth juſt Cadencies, and gentle Verſe,
Suit with the pious Matter you rehearſe,
As all will judge, who have their brains well knit,
And do not love extravagance of Wit.
If ſuch your Readers be, you need not fly
From any Sentence to the *Chancery*.

The Description of a

Morning Expergefaction,

After an unusual Dream or Vision.

1656.

SO Rest to Motion, Night to Day doth yeild,
Silence to Noise, the Stars do quit the Field,
My *Cinq Ports* all fly ope, the *Phantasie*
Gives way to *outward* Objects, *Ear* and *Eye*
Resume their Office, so doth *Hand* and *Lip*;
I hear the Carmans Wheel, the Coachmans Whip.
The Prentice (with my sense) his Shop unlocks,
The Milk-maid seeks her Pail, Porters their frocks;
All cries and sounds return, except one thing
I hear no Bell for *Mattins* Toll or Ring.
Being thus awak'd, and staring on the light
Which *silver'd* all my face and glaring sight,
I clos'd my eyes again, to recollect
What I had dreamt, and make my thoughts reflect
Upon themselves, which here I do expose
To evry knowing Soul: and may all those
(Whose Brains *Apollo* with his gentle Ray
Hath moulded of a more refined Clay)

That

That read this *Dream*, thereby such *Profit* reap
As I did *Pleasure*; Then they have *It* cheap.

Est sensibilium simia somnium.

J. H.

To

Mrs. E. B.

Upon a sudden

SURPRISAL.

Apelles, Prince of Painters, did
All others in that *Art* exceed:
But *You* surpass him, for He took
Some *Pains* and *Time* to draw a Look;
You in a trice and moments space,
Have *Pourtray'd* in my Heart your Face.

Upon the Nativity of our Saviour,

Christmas-Day.

1. WOnder of Wonders, *Earth* with *Sky*
Time mingleth with *Eternity*,
And *Matter* with *Immensity*.

2. The *Sun* becomes an *Atom*, and a *Star*
Turns to a *Candle* to light Kings from far
To see a spectacle so wondrous rare.

3. A *Virgin* bears a *Son*, that Son doth bear
A world of sin, acquitting mans arrear
Since guilty *Adam* fig-tree leaves did wear.

4. A Majesty both *infinit* and just
Offended was, therefore the Offering must
Be such, to expiat frail flesh and dust.

5. When no such *Victime* could be found
Throughout the whole Expansive round
Of Heaven, of Air, of Sea or Ground,

6. The *Prince of Life* Himself descends
To make *Astræa* full amends,
And Human Soul from Hell defends.

7. Was

7. Was ever such a Love as this,
That the *Eternal* Heir of Bliss
Should stoop to such a *low* Abyss?

To my Dear Mother,

The University of OXFORD,

Before

Mr. *Cartwrights* Poems

Of

CHRIST-CHURCH.

1650.

Alma Mater,

MAny do suck thy *Breasts*, but *now* in some
Thy *Milk* turns into *frothy*, and spumy *scum*:
In *Others* it converts to *rheum* and *steam*,
Or some poor *Wheyish* stuff in steed of *Cream*.
In *Some* it doth *Malignant Humors* breed,
And make the *Head* turn *round*, (as that side *Tweed*)
Which *Humors* vaporing up into the *Brains*,
Break out to odd *Fanatik* sortish strains;
It makes them *dote* and *rave*, *fret*, *fume* and *foam*,
And strangely from the *Text* in Pulpits *roam*:

When

When they should preach of *Rheims*, they prate of *Rome*;
Their Theme is *Birch*, their Preachment is of *Brome*;
Nor mong thy *Pourders* onely such are found,
But who came ore the *Bridge* are much more *Round*.

Some of thy Sons prove Bastards, sordid, base,
Who having suck'd Thee throw Dirt in Thy face:
When they have squeez'd thy Nipples and chaste Paps,
They dash thee on the *Nose* with Frumps and Raps:
They grumble at thy *Commons*, *Buildings*, *Rents*,
And wold Thee bring to *Farthing Decrements*.

Few by thy *Milk* sound *Nutriment* now gain,
For want of good *Concoction* from the Brain.
But this choice *Son* of Thine is no such *Brat*;
Thy *Milk* in Him did so *Coagulat*,
That it became *Elixir*, as we see,
In these smooth streams of fluent Poesie.

Upon a Cupboard of Venice-*Glaſſes, ſent for a New-years-gift to a choice Lady.*

Madame,

IF on this New-years-gift you caſt an eye,
You plainly may therein at once deſcry
A twofold quality; for there will appear
A brittle ſubſtance, but the Object clear.

So in the *Donor*, Madame, you may ſee
Theſe Qualities inherent for to be:
His *Pow'r* which brittle little is, *Helas*,
His *Mind* ſincere, and pure as any Glaſs.

The old Philoſpher did wiſh there were
A window in his Heart of Chryſtal clear,
Through which his friends might the more clearly ſee
His inward Paſſions, and Integrity.

I wiſh the like, for then you *ſure* wold reſt
Of my clear Mind, and motions of my Breſt.

But if it queſtion'd be to what intent
With *Venice*-Glaſſes I do you preſent,
I anſwer, That I could no Gift perceive
So fit for me to give, you to receive:
For thoſe rare Graces that in you excel,
And *you* that hold them, one may paralel

Unto a *Venice-Glass*, which as 'tis *clear*,
And can admit no *poyson* to come near,
So *Vertu* dwells in you, nor can endure
That *Vice* shold harbour in a Breſt ſo *pure*.

A Paſſionat

E L E G I E

Upon His Long-endeared Friend,

Daniel Caldwal *Eſq*;

A Heart high ſwoln with grief in this ſad Verſe,
Lets fall theſe *brackiſh* tears upon thy Herſe,
Diſtill'd from that *pure Salt* of long-bred Love,
Which twice ten Summers did betwixt us move.
O how my Soul doth melt when my Thoughts run
Upon thoſe days our friendſhip firſt begun
Among the Muſes on fair *Iſis* banks,
Where Youth doth play ſo many ſportful pranks;
When Liberty ore-aw'd by Tutors frown,
And Mirth half-ſtoln is far more pleaſing known.
From *Iſis* to the *Thames* Affections flew,
And with new ſparks of Love ſtill hotter grew;
Nere *Damon* to his *Pythias* prov'd more dear
Then *Dan* to Me; nere ſhin'd their love more clear.

Thoſe *Twins* which now in Azur'd Skies do glide,
And *Pilots* through rough *Neptun's* Surges guide,
Our Souls did ſeem to one another paſs
By Tranſmigration; an *Elizium* was
There where we met: We did ſo ſympathize,
That Hearts ſeem'd to make Sallies through the eys.

Thus liv'd we long, till all-diſpoſing Fate
To check this friendſhip Us did ſeparate,
Put Seas between Us, many thouſand mile
Thrice cut me from my *Dan* and *Albions* Ile.

Yet, maugre this large diſtance We did meet,
And ſtill by Internuntial Letters greet.

The Horizon of *Love* is large, He ſpies
His wiſhed Object whereſoere it lies,
From *Pole* to *Pole*, from *Thule* unto *Gades*,
He flying ſoars through Air, through Seas he wades.

This found I tru, when *Tagus*, *Loire* and *Po*,
Clowd-threatning *Alps*, and *Pyrenean* Snow
I croſs'd, me thought the further ſtill I fleet'd
My *Dan* ſtill nearer to my mind appear'd;
My thoughts by day, my phanſie by night
Would frequently convay him to my ſight:
I miſs'd, and found *Him*; miſs'd him to the eye,
Yet found him in my Breſt ſtill conſtant lie;
And by this miſs, that Axiom tru did note,
Sometimes Love's ſweeteſt when 'tis moſt remote.

O how my thoughts kept Festival that day
Did Letters from my *Dan* to me convay;
Letters which I shall keep as sacred Ties,
As holy Reliques, or rich Legacies.

Dear Quintessential Mate, what can express
The deep-fetch'd sighs my trembling heart possess!
Silence best can: how roars the shallow Source,
While without noise great Rivers run their course?
Small Love doth speak, and is sometimes acute,
While deep Affection stunn'd with grief stands mute.

But is *Dan* dead? Oh no, now He begins
To live, He's got among the *Seraphins*:
Where He doth Nectar quaff with Glory crown'd,
While his sad Spouse still bears his Deaths deep wound
In her chast Breast, and Heart big-swoln with Woes,
More dolorous then all her Childbed Throes.

Farewel, dear Soul, raign in *Elyzian* Bliss,
And take this pure untainted Sacrifice,
Which on Love's Altar doth like Incense flame
To thy still-fragrant Memory and Fame.

Farewel, until we meet, and make in Sky
Among the Stars another *Gemini*.

An

E L E G I E

Upon his Tomb in Horndon-Hill *Church,*
Erected by his Wife, Who ſpeaks,

TAke, Gentle Marble to thy truſt,
And keep untouch'd this ſacred Duſt:
Grow moiſt *ſometimes, that I may ſee*
Thou weep'ſt *in ſympathy with* Me;
And when by Him *I here ſhall ſleep,*
My Aſhes *alſo ſafely keep,*
And from rude Hands preſerve Us Both, until
We riſe to Sion Mount *from* Horndon-Hill.

Sent with a Prayer-Book to a
Pious Lady.

Madame,

WHat I by way of *Token* ſend, you may
By way of *Sacrifice* to Heav'n convay,
And to an *Off'ring* turn my *Gift*, more dear
To *God* then Piles of Frankincenſe and Myrr.
But when for *Others* you to *Him* direct
Your *Prayers*, let your thoughts ſometimes reflect
Upon *J. H.*

To DELIA.

ABout the light as the poor Fly
Doth flutter and approach so nigh,
Till up and down as she still skips,
Her Lawny Wings with fire she clips:
So my Affection bout the Eyes
Of Heart-inflaming *Delia* flyes;
Till *Phœnix*-like they into *Ashes* burn,
And *new Affections* still rise from their *Urn*.

A sudden
SPECULATION
Beyond the Seas.

ALthough my Body many thousand mile
Be distant from sweet *Albions Woolly Ile*,
Yet neither *Land* nor *Sea*, nor *Air* nor *Wind*,
Nor *Heav'n* it self, can keep from thence my *Mind*;
But that each moment of the fleeting day,
My *Thoughts* to *England* may Themselfs convay.

Of Female Hypocrisie,

In a short Dialog twixt Dion *and* Thyrsis.

Dion.

THyrsis, I stand amaz'd how Nature could
Compose a Fabrick of so rich a mould,
That *outwardly* looks like a *Seraphin*,
But a *Megera* if you pry *within*.

Thyrsis.

Whom mean you, *Dion*, that you thus descry
By such gross taintures of *Hypocrisie*?
For hence you must infer that Nature's blind,
Or els she must be *partial* in her kind.

Dion.

O *Thyrsis*, if that Saint-like Fiend you knew,
That sowr-sweet, real, yet dissembling Hue
Of *Livia*, sure you wold be chang'd to wonder,
That Nature in her works should so much blunder.

Her *Eyes* are like those Heaven *Twins*, except
That of *Themselves* they shine, not by *reflect*,
Wherein through Crystal Casements one may spy
The Queen of Love seated in Majesty.
Her *Forehead* as the Marble smooth and plain,
Her *Cheeks* alike, but that half dy'd in Grain:
Her *Tresses* might serve for a Net to take
A Hermit, or an Angel captive make.
A *Smile* to move a *Stoik*, a *Voice* so shrill,
That all *Arcadia* wold with Eccho's fill;
A sweeter *Breath* never perfum'd the Air;
Least touch of *Lip* would a dead Corps repair.

These are Perfections in *Exterior* shew;
But if her *inward Qualities* you knew,
What you *ador'd* before you would *detest*,
Turn *Love* to *Hate*, (or *Pity* at the least.)
Her *Breast's* a *Shop of Fraud*, her *Heart* a *Mill*
That restless thoughts do *grind* to wound or kill.
Her *Brain's* a *Still* that at all hours doth strain
Destructive cruel Notions of *Disdain*.
Her *Eyes* are Windows of *False Lights*, and cries,
Her *Tounge* a flap of Perjury and Lyes:
Her *Chin* is *double* like her *Heart*; Her *Cheeks*
Have *Pits*, as 'twere to *bury* whom she seeks
For to destroy.

Thyrsis.

Is't possible so fair a *Back* should hide
So black a *Trunk*, or so much *ill* should bide
In such Seraphik Beauties? Shells of Gold,
Can they within such rotten Kernels hold?
Can in smooth gliding streams *Carybdies* dwell?
Or in one place cohabit Heav'n and Hell?
Can *Livia* be so beauteous to th' Eyes,
And lodg *within* such foul deformities?

Dion.

'Tis so: whence I infer how tru I find,
No trust is to be put in Woman-kind.

Of some,
Who blending their Brains together, plotted
how to bespatter one of the Muses
choicest Sons *and* Servants,
Sir Will. Davenant, *Knight and* Poet.

Poets like *Princes* may denounce a War,
They may like *Common Mortals* clash and jar,
Turn *privat* Feuds to *publick*, and disperse
(Lastly sometimes) each others *Muse* and Verse.

But

But whoso blurs *Davenants Heroick* strains
Do shew more *Gall in Breast*, then *Wit in Brains:*
Their Sculls are like a Sicinge cramm'd with Dirt,
Which as they on some Marble Pillar spirt,
Bounds on their grinning Faces back again,
So doth *Themselfs* more then the *Marble* stain.

Upon Mr. Cleveland.

IS *Cleveland* dead? and will not the whole *Quire*
Of *Muses* mourn, and put on *black* attire?
Nay, their great God *Apollo* shold me thinks
Wear *Sable* too, and dart his Rays through *Chinks*.

Is *Cleveland* gone? Sure in this *long-North-wind*
Some *Scottish Witch* convey'd her *Imps* to find
Him out, and in revenge made League with *Death*
To *murther* him so soon, and stop his breath:
Yet had his *Body* match'd his *Wit* in *might*,
He had in pure clear strength put both to flight.

One thing I do admire, we have no more
Of that *large stock* the Stars gave him in store;
Which could he have bequeath'd by Legacy,
It equall'd had Saint *Mark*'s rich Tresury.
But my hopes are, that he hath left behind
Some *Posthume* Pieces to enrich mankind,

Which with th' *inſpiring* Odors they will caſt,
May make new Poets, not like *Him* in haſt.

Upon

Dr. *Howel*, Lord Biſhop of *Briſtol*,
Who died a little after the putting down of Epiſcopacy.

Rumpendo in Lachrymas facit Indignatio Verſum.

O Were I raptur'd into Verſe,
To write with fury on thy Herſe,
O could I ſtrangle with a wiſh
Steel'd Clotho, and *Stern Lachesis*
With their own Thred, or cut the Life
Of *Atropos* with her own *Knife*.
Or could I meet that *Bald-Pate Churl*,
With his All-mowing Sith; I'd hurl,
And tumble *Him*, with all the *Three*
Down to the Pit in lieu of *Thee*:
So *Man* ſhold be *Lord* of his Age,
And flee from their Tyrannik rage.

But much they need not boaſt, or vaunt to have
This Saint-like Prelat ſent unto his Grave:
For *He*, good Soul, was *Mortifi'd* before,
And got almoſt in ſight of Heav'ns bleſs'd ſhore,

He might be call'd during his Lifes short span
Terrestrial *Angel*, or Cœlestial Man.

But Oh, it is not *He* who di'd alone,
For *Prelacy* Herself with him is gone:
Englands whole *Hierarchy* (sad Tale to tell)
At the same time did breathe Her last, and fell.

1647.

Before the Second Part
Of
DODONAS GROVE.

FRom the pure Air of *Greece*, the ancient Nource
Of Learning, and Philosophy's chief Source,
Dodona sends her *Trees* to re-salute
The *Queen of Iles*; they all this while stood mute,
And muffled in a close unlucky Fog,
That the whole Grove appear'd like one great Log.

When a fresh Breeze did Blow, and re-inspire
Their Leafs with Language like an Orphean Lyre,
To tell the gazing world what a dire stroke,
Or fatal clap of Thunder crush'd the Oke;
How all the *Shrubs* grew *Wood*, and strangely mad,
As if some *Hemlock* them intoxed had:

And

And how the *Thiſtle* that *Blue round-top'd* Weed
Did by his prickles all theſe miſchiefs breed.
If in this *Bleaker* Air *Dodona* finds
To nip her Buds any *Malignant* Winds,
She quickly can tranſplant without deſpair,
To ſhoot Her bloſſoms in ſome gentler Air.

The Concluſion of the Second Part
Of
DODONAS GROVE.

THus far have we purſu'd the *doubtful* Fate
Of the *Druinian Oke*, and tott'ring State,
When the firſt *Northern Blaſts* upon him blew,
Which ſuch a world of miſchiefs with them drew.
Dodona next ſhall trembling tell
VVhat a ſad period *Him* befel;
How, to Mankinds eternal wonder,
His Trunk from top was cleft aſunder.
VVhence *Kings* may learn, that by this Blow,
They are made All *Plebeans* now.

To my most Endeared

R. Altham, *Esq*;

RAre Youth, I stand astonish'd at thy wit,
So quaint, so pregnant, and so full of sp'rit;
As if the *Thespian Dames* for a new Mate,
Another young *Apollo* would create.
Those few Castalian drops which once I drank
At *Aganippes* honey-suckled bank,
Are now exhausted much by long disuse;
By cares and cumbers, Travels far, my Muse
Is dull'd, but yours more ripe, and perfect grows,
Now yours doth *Knot*, now your Invention flows.
O how those Golden days did sweetly shine,
When Contubernal Love did us combine!
When with encircling Arms I fast would keep,
And with old Stories lull us both asleep.
But that tim's past, and passeth still, that *Time*
Would scarce permit Me to make up my *Rime*.

Upon

A New-fashion'd Table-Book,

Sent Him for a Token from Amsterdam.

SUppose this Book the Table be
Of a cleer Heart engag'd to Thee,
Wherein could I so pithy prove,
As write the story of our Love;
Within each Leaf I wold infold
The brightest Characters of Gold.
But how can such large Matter be
Couch'd in so streight a room by Me?
Unless I had *His Art* who put
Great *Homers* Iliads in a Nut.

Upon

EASTER-DAY.

HAil, *Holy Morn*, the Morn that made appear
Two *Suns* at once above this Hemisphear:

One,

One, the *Great Eye* of the low world, ſo bright,
That it gives evry thing both *Heat* and *Light*;
Th' Other tranſcending *Him* in Light ſo far
As *He* excels any inferior *Star*:
The *Sun of Righteouſneſs*; He who diſplays
Upon the *inward* man his Heav'nly Rays.
O that thoſe Rays wold on my Soul reflect
By the bleſs'd influence of his Aſpect,
To penetrat the centre of my *Heart*,
And thence exhale all the Terreſtrial Part.

A

PARALLEL

Twixt

ANGELS and MEN.

THat which the ſmalleſt *Fly* we ſee
Is, if to *Man* it equall'd be,
Such a proportion *Man* may bear
With thoſe of the *Seraphik* Sphear.
Men are at beſt but *Earths Free-Denizens*,
Angels are *Heav'ns Immortal Citizens*.

Man hardly on the *Sun* can look,
Or his coruſcant luſtre brook:
But *Angels* can behold the light
Of *Him* who made that *Sun* and Light.
Then what is purblind *Man*, if one ſhold dare
Unto a glorious *Angel* him compare?

Earth with the *Sky* bears no proportion,
'Tis but a *Point* of no Dimenſion;
It doth not match, much leſs exceed
The ſmalleſt Grain of Muſtard-ſeed:
Then what proportion can (I'd fain be told)
A *Human* Creture with a *Heavenly* hold?

Yet let not *Man* dejected be
At ſuch a mighty odds, for *He*
Is born himſelf to be in time
An *Angel*, and the Stars to clime
By that Immortal *Soul*, and precious Gueſt
He lodgeth in his *Spirits*, *Brain* and *Breſt*.

To my choice, and most endeared Friend,

Mr. *R. A.*

In answer to a Poem of His.

AS when *Aurora* with her cheerful Crest
Mounts our Horizon, then both Bird & Beast
Renew their vigour; so your quickning strains
My drooping spirits rais'd, and rows'd my Brains:
Wherein the flames of love such beams did dart,
That pierc'd the very centre of my heart.

For as my Eyes your charming Numbers view'd,
My Lips, me thought, with Nectar were bedew'd;
As if *Thalia* from *Apollo*'s Mount
An *Ode* had sent dipp'd in the *Thespian-Fount*:
Each Line did lim you out, each Word did show
This Verse, this Stile from *Althams* brain did flow.

Rare flowr of Wit, *Minerva*'s Minion,
The Muses Gem, Honors adopted Son,
What Answer shall I make for to express
That Quintessential Love I Thee profess?

If *Letters* can by Aiery spirits send
A distant Heart, behold my Breast I rend,

And

And send you mine: Obut long ago
This purchase you have got, full well you know;
Enjoy it still, and as your years accrew,
Let mutual Passions still this Love renew
This *bond* of Love which Fortune, Time, nor Fate
Shall ever *cancel* till Lifes utmost date:
But as the amorous *Vine* her *Elm* doth grasp,
Twine both our souls, and with embraces clasp.

Upon this rare Erotique *Subject,*

The Master-piece of Love,

By Mr. *Loveday.*

AS *Pearl* among *Gems*, so among the *Passions Love*
Excels, and in the highest Orb doth move,
Her Sisters *Faith* and *Hope* attend us here,
While through frail *Elements* our course we steer:
But *Love soars* with the *Soul* beyond the Sky,
Being *Imp'd in Her* to all Eternity.
But what was here a *Passion* that did *burn*,
And cool by fits, shall there be *fix'd*, and turn
To an *Angelik* Nature ever free
From all such humours of inconstancy.
This Author doth that *Passion* so display,
And in such high Ideas, that He may

Stand to be *Choir-mates*, and so sit above
The *Famous Masters* in the School of *Love*.

To his worthy Friend,

Mr. Wallan,

Upon the View of his

ASTRÆA.

MAy great *Apollo*, and his charming Quire
Of *Girls* here more my Brain inspire:
May I here fetch more Naps on *Parnasse* Mount,
Or drink one drop of the *Castalian* Fount,
If with *Astræa* I am not so grown
In love, that I could wish she were *mine own*.

A Pregnant Vow;

For a ſafe and ſeaſonable Delivery

To

The Excellent Lady, the Lady

KATHERINE,

Marcheioneſs of Dorcheſter.

To Lucina.

HAil, gentle Goddeſſe, Midwifes Queen
Which pregnant Wombs from pain doſt free,
May thy beſt care and skill be ſeen
In haſtning this Delivery,
To hanſel (as their Hopes are fair)
The Princely Parents with an *Heir.*

May *Sol* at his Nativity
With *Venus* in Conjunction be;
May that Auſpicious *Signe* then raign
Which hath Dominion ore the *Brain*
(The *Souls* chief Palace) to inſpire
His Intellect with *Embean* fire.

May *Cynthia* then at full appeer,
Not pale or red, but white and cleer,

May *Thames* be at her highest pride,
Elated with a smooth *Spring*-tide:
May the whole Region here below
With sweet *Favonian* breezes blow.

And since the Month's like to be *May*
When *Ceres* looks so fresh and gay,
When every bush doth blossoms bring,
And every Bird doth Carrols sing:
May all these Auguries conspire
To make the *Infant* like the *Sire*;
And what more happiness then *This*,
Can Mother hope, or Mortal wish?

Upon his Majesties Return, With the Dukes of York *and* Glocester.

THe *Stars* of late *Eccentrik* went
Out of the *British* Firmament,
But now they are *fix'd* there again,
And all concentred in *Charles wain*;
Where, since just Heaven did them restore,
They shine more glorious then before.

Long may they glitter in that *Sky*
With Beams of new Refulgency;
May great *Apollo* from his Sphear
Encrease their lights, and motions chear,

So

So that old *Albion* may from thence
Grow younger by their *Influence*.

May no ill-boding Blazing Star,
No *Northern Mist*, or Civil War,
No lowring Planet ever raign
Their lustre to obscure again,
But may whole Heav'n be fair and cleer,
And every Star a *Cavalier*.

Before

ΘΗΡΟΔΟΚΤΑΙ

Or,

The Parly of Beasts. 1658.

TRees spake before, now the same strength of Art
Makes Beasts to cun the *Alphabet* by heart,
And cut their *Breaths* to sound *Articulat*
Discoursive congruous Accents to prolate:
For *Speech* is breath, Breath *Air* let in and out,
But 'tis the *Mind* that brings the work about.
Such a rare Charter the worlds *Architect*
Vouchsaf'd to give *the Human* Intellect
To *create Words*: for 'tis *Mankind* alone
Can *Language* frame, and *Syllabize* the tone.

But here *Beasts* speak, they mone, chide, cry, complain,
And at the Bar of *Justice* men arraign:

Such are our crying sins, that Beasts resent
Our wickedness, and wretched case lament.
Which shews the world is Hectical, and near
Its grand, and fatal Climacterik year:
The whole Creation mourns, and doth deplore
The ruinful state of *Human Kind*; Therefore
If Men cannot be warn'd when *Men* do teach,
Then let them hearken here what *Beasts* do preach:

In Formas vates ait novas Mens dicere gestit
Corpora; & in primas iterum transversa Figuras,
Dii fovcant cœptis.

An Eucharistical Rapture,
With
A Gradual *Hymn to the Heavenly Hierarchy.*

NAtures great God, the Cause of Causes be
Ador'd and prais'd to all Eternity:
That supreme Good, that Quintessential Light,
Which quickens all that's hidden or in sight,
Which breathd in Man the *Intellectual Soul*,
Thereby to rule all Creatures, and controul
What Water, Earth, or Air produce ——

The Hymn.

O Holy Souls, O Heavenly Saints,
Who from corruption, and the taints
Of flesh and blood, from pain and tears,
From pining griefs, and panting fears,
And from all passions except *Love*
(Which only reigns with you *above*)
Are now exempt, and made in endless Bliss
Free Denizens, and Heirs of Paradis.

O glorious Angels, who behold
The Lord of Light from Thrones of Gold,
Yet do vouchsafe to look on *Man*,
To be his Guide and Gardian,
Praying always that He may be
Partner of your felicity.
O Blissful *Saints* and *Angels*, may ye still
The Court of Heav'n with Hallelujahs fill.

Seraphik Powers, Cherubs, Thrones,
Vertues, and Dominations,
Supernal Principalities,
Glories, and *Intelligencies*
Who guide the course of Stars in Sky,
And what in their vast Concaves lie,
May ye for ever great *Jehovah*'s Will,
And his Commands throughout the world fulfil.

Archangels,

Archangels, who the most sublime Degree
Do hold in the Celestial Hierarchy,
And can endure to *see*, and *face* alone
The glorious *Beatific Vision*,
A joy which all joys else transcends so far
As doth the Morning *Sun* the meanest *Star*.
Archangels, *Angels*, *Saints*, *Souls sever'd*, may ye still
The *Empyrean* Court with Hallelujahs fill.

Upon the Exquisit Romance of the Bishop of Bellay,
Made English out of the French,
By Serjeant-Major John Wright,

MY Wit lay fallow, and my teeming Brain
Thought to repose a while from any strain
Of *Poetizing*, till the Air of *France*
Rowz'd up my Fancy by this new *Romance*;
Which for variety, for substance, sence,
For rich Invention, and neat Eloquence,
And now in point of *Version* may compare
With any of this kind though nere so rare.
Original and *Copy* co-excel,
The *Prelat* and the *Souldier* share the Bell:
In *Young* they differ, but for Mind and Will
They faithful are to one another still.
By this I find, which men do seldome see,
The *Mitre* with the *Helmet* may agree.

To

To
Mr. Nath. Johnson,
Upon his Version of Pyrander.

IF this Trage-Comedy in *England* chance
To find such welcome as it did in *France*,
Twill highly be esteem'd; nor do I see
But it may look for like Civility:
For, neither Prose nor Verse have lost, but won
In point of strength by this *Traduction*.
So have I known brisk *Gascon* wines brought ore,
And drink far better on our English shore.

Upon Mr. Benlowes *Divine Theophila.*

POets have diffring Fires, some spend their stock
On the grave *Buskin*, or the merry *Sock*:
Others by *Lyrik* feet do gently steal
Into a Ladies bosome: Others deal
With *Wars*, and sing of stout adventrous Knights,
Of their high Trophies, hardy Feats and Fights:
Some feed their Fancies on th' *Arcadian* Plains,
And prostitut their Muse to silly Swains,
All these do creep on *Earth*, and [illegible] perchance
If They set to Sea, further they not [illegible]

But thy Diviner Muse mounts to the *Skies*,
And Heaven fills with holy Rapsodies,
Fit to make Hymns for the Celestial Quire,
And Angels with their Melody inspire.

On Doctor Charleton's *learned Piece, by proving that* Stone-henge *is a* Danish-*Monument,*
In his New Survey.

'Tis hard to cleer *Old Truths*, but to unmask
An Old-grown Error, is a greater Task:
This *You* have done, and undeceiv'd Mankind
Of an *Opinion* kept us long so blind.
Wherefore in this *Survey* by just *Extent*
You have made *Stone-henge* your own *Monument*.

Of Mrs. Diana Bill,
Born and Baptiz'd lately in Cane-wood,
hard by High-gate.

Where should *Diana* properly be born
But in a *Wood*? A Wood that thinks it scorn
To yield to *Tempe*, or *Didona's Grove*,
Which consecrated was to mighty *Jove*:
A Wood whence great *Diana's Temple* may
Be seen four thousand paces off each day

With

With a *huge City**, who her Name doth give
Unto that *Goddess*, as good Stories show.

May this new-born *Diana* like *Cynthia* wood
Grow up and Taper, Germinat and Bud;
And in due course of yeers be fitly *Mand*
To spread the Race of Noble *Westmerland*.

* *London.*

Upon Her Majesties 31 *days sayling from* Lisbon *to* England.

GReat *Britains* Queen launching into the Deep,
From *Tagus* to the *Thames* her Course to keep,
Neptun and *Eolus*, as they joyntly strove
To do Her Homage, fell so far in love
With Her Seraphic countenance and grace,
That They *so long* kept Her in their Embrace.
Another Cause might be why Heav'n did please
She shold so long stay steering on the Seas,
That coming to be Queen of that *great King*
To whom so many *Seas Allegeance* bring,
She might some skill in *Navigation* gain,
And learn with *Him* how to command the *Main*.

Upon

Upon the Posthume-Poems of Mr. Lovelace.

THe Rose with other fragrant flowrs smell best
When they are *pluck'd*, and worn in Hand or Brest;
So this fair *Flowr* of Vertu, this rare *Bud*
Of *Wit*, smells now as fresh as when he stood,
And in these *Posthume-Poems* lets us know
That he upon the banks of *Helicon* did grow,
The beuty of his Soul did correspond
With his fair outside, if not go beyond.
Lovelace the Minion of the *Thespian* Dames,
Apollo's Darling born with *Enthean* flames,
Which in his Numbers wave, and shine so cleer,
As sparks refracted from rich Gems appeer
Such sparks that with their Atoms may inspire
The Reader with a pure *Poetik* fire.

Upon the Grau Climacterik Year ——— 63.

HE who nine seven in seven nine years
Upon his stooping sholders bears,

When

When ore his head the glorious *Sun*
About the world his course hath run
Sixty three times, and on that score
Hath *felt* eight hundred *Moons* and more;
'Tis time, high time that He shold ply
The *Art* of Learning how to Die,
And think all *Sounds* his *Passing-Bell*,
To bid the *Lower World* Farewel.

Alia Desunt.

FINIS.